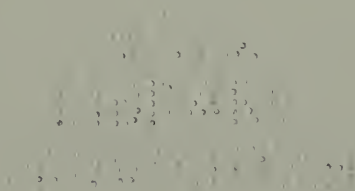


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DIARY OF
GEORGE W. JOHNSON
1823-1893



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This is a copy of the original diaries of George W. Johnson. The originals from which this copy was made consist of the following books:

1 Book

7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " X 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " consisting of 94 pages, 75 pages of which are handwritten in ink containing the autobiography and some poems.

7 Books

6 3/4" X 8 1/4" handwritten in ink consisting of approximately 68 pages each containing the poems of George W. Johnson.

1 Book

4" X 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " entitled "Jottings by the Way" collection of the rustic rhymes by George W. Johnson with a brief autobiography, containing also, selections from the writings of other members of the family. Hand printed by C. E. Johnson, St. George, Utah, 1882

The diaries are now in possession of Mr. D. A. Johnson, 359 E. 2 N. Provo, Utah.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE W. JOHNSON

I was born in the Township of Pomfret County of Chautauqua State of New York on the 19th day of February 1823 My father's name was Ezekiel My mother's maiden name was Julia Hills Of my fathers ancestors I know but little His father died when he was quite young and his mother married a man by the name of King and moved to Canada My father and mother were born and married in the state of Massachusetts and in the year of 1812 with seven children moved to the western part of New York Then a new country where they settled and raised a family of 16 children and (9) sons and seven (7) daughters My mother was a devout Presbyterian and raised her family in strict observance of the precepts laid down in the Bible She was loved and respected by all who knew her She died at Council Bluffs Iowa a firm believer in the doctrine taught by Joseph Smith During the winter of 1831 my brother Joel and a young man by the name of Almon W Babbit came from Ohio and brought the Book of Mormon Other Elders soon followed and the result was that my mother and some of her children were baptised About this time Elders James Brackenbury then on a mission was taken sick at our house and after a short illness died and was burried at Lamoni Two of my brothers (Seth and David) felt an impression that the corps would be distrubed and determined to spend the night there at the grave On arriving near they discovered two men opening the grave which they had nearly accomplished As soon as they were discovered they fled but my brothers persued them and caught one of the men but nothing was done to bring them to punishment A little preveous to this time my oldest sister

(Nancy was thrown from a horse and her hip bone broken so near the hip joint that all the doctors near decided that it could not be set And told her she would never have the use of that limb again or be able to walk without crutches When the Elders began to preach mericles many people said when Nancy is healed and throws bye her crutches we will believe In the spring of 1833 we moved to Kirtland Ohio where the saints were then gathering Here we became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and all the authorities of the church and witnessed the falling of the stars (Meteors) on the night of November the 13 1833

The building and dedication of the Kirtland Temple Here I with many others attended the Hebrew School in the Temple Here I with my brother Willaim on the 9th day of April 1836 were baptised by Samuel bent and confirmed by Joseph Smith Jr and received our first Patriarchial blessing under the hands of the First Patriarch of the church Joseph Smith Sen Here also my sister Nancy who had never walked a step without her crutches for several years was healed by the laying on of hands through the Priesthood and never used her crutches after until her death Here after a tedious illness we buried (4) members of our family one of whom (Seth) accompanied the Prophet to Missouri in what was known as Zions Camp Their names were Nancy Seth David and Susan Here we passed through all the hardships trials and persecution resulting in the expulsion of the saints from Kirtland Ohio

In July 1838 we started for Missouri in what was known as the Kirtland Camp comprising all the poor still remaining at Kirtland and all who were able and willing to help them Our company consisted of

about eight hundred (800) souls nearly all in poor circumstances with sixty (60) wagons Our trip was very hard and tedious with much suffering for want of food and sickness in our camp At dayton Ohio we stopped for a while to work on the National Turnpick and give our sick a chance to rest and to recover While here my mother and my brother Joel made the trip to Cincinnatti Ohio to visit my mothers sister and other kindred living there During our stay at this place threats were made that we should not pass through Mansfield alive (a little town on our route) But when we were ready we traveled along in close procession The women driving the teams and men walking along side of their wagons On nearing the town we were met by two (2) horse men who rode down each side of our train seeming to be counting our wagons and as they passed along after satisfying themselves they returned to the town where a large crowd of men were collected fireing cannon beating drums and seeming to be much excited but we passed through and were not molested We afterwards learned that the horsemen had given the crowd assembled a very exaggerated account of our numbers and armament On reaching Springfield Illinois Samuel Hall died leaving a sick wife and an only daughter in our care Here a council was held and it was decided to leave the sick here for the present My brother Joel and Joseph and the rest of our family (except Benjamin) were detailed to remain and take care of them Through the winter following there was much sickness My mother and myself were very near dying with Typhoid Fever Sister Hall died leaving a daughter (Mary Ann) whom my mother adopted We remained at Springfield nearly two years during which time the saints were driven from Missourie and had commenced settling a place called Commerce

(afterwards Nauvoo) in Hancock Co. Illinois on the rapids of the Mississippi River In the spring of 1839 we again started westward to gather with the saints but when we arrived within 20 miles of Commerce it was thought best to remain there and build up a town at a place called Perkins settlement Land was soon purchased and a town laid off and called Ramus (From the Hebrew A brance) It was afterwards changed to ^Macedonia We remained here about four (4) years during which time my youngest brother (Amos) died My sister Mary and Esther my brother Joseph and myself were married also my sister Almera was sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith While here I assisted the building of the Nauvoo Temple and was present at the dedication Here I was ordained an elder under the hands of Brigham Young and Heber C Kimball while on a visit to our place and later at Nauvoo by Moses Martin into the twenty fifth quorum of Seventies During the year of 1843 the mob broke out burned houses destroyed property and drove the saints from place to place Joseph and Hyrum Smith were imprisoned in Carthage Jail and on the 27th of June 1844 were murdered by the mob while under the pledge of the State for protection On April 14th 1844 I was married to Marie Jane Johnston and with my brother in law moved to Crooked Creek but the mob were so troublesome we were obliged to move to Nauvoo and in the forepart of June following we started but was delayed by the mob until after the 27th when we drove into Nauvoo to find all in mourning and confusion on account of the death of the Prophet and I remained here until the Spring of 1846 when on account of poor health I concluded to go and spend the summer in Tennessee with my wifes kindred where I arrived safely after a tedious journey of several weeks I

remained there through the summer and about the first of October started to return to Nauvoo where I arrived the latter part of the month. My health continued poor and not being able to labor I concluded to return to Tenasee. I again spent the summer there in the Mountains and returned to Nauvoo in October following. Taking with me my wifes sister and her husband. During my absence the saints at Nauvoo had been much persecuted by the mob and after a severe battle had been driven from their homes and all their possessions at Nauvoo and all the settlement arround and were settling in the western part of Iowa. My father had died on the 13th of Jan 1848 and the times looked very dark and gloomy. The next summer and following winter I remained at Nauvoo. In connexion with my brother in law D T Leebaron exhibiting the Nauvoo Temple to strangers until it was burned which happened on the night of Nov 19th 1848 and as a very incorrect account of its burning has been published I will here incert my account of it. During the year 1848 David T Le Baron and myself were engaged in exhibiting the Nauvoo Temple to visitors. He attended it one day and I the next. On the 18th day of November I was taking a party through. We had been to the top and returned as far as the second story when I heard voices below. Leaving my company I ran down to the main room below where I found the door partly open and two men sitting in the pulpit talking. One of them was telling the other what a host of money and lives the building had cost. How much suffering and sorrow. When I entered and invited them to leave which they did. He was then boarding at a public house north of the temple across the street kept by a man by the name of Slocum. After the Temple was burned he was heard to boast

that he saw the fire when it did not look larger than a mans hand His room was facing the Temple The fire started late at night when all were supposed to be in bed and asleep Now add to this the fact that the west bacement window on the south side which led to the stairway had been taken out and was sitting against the wall of the building showing that no key was used to enter the building and the fire was started in the upper story now it is supposable at least that if a man saw the fire when it did not look larger than a mans hand at that time of night he must have been looking for it And all these facts do away with the Agnew theory that he went from Apanoöse on horse back and with a false key went through the door and set the fire There are some now living who can carraborate these statements.

In the spring of 1850 I again started westward to follow my kindred and friends who had gone before On arriving at Kanesville Iowa I found my brothers Joseph and William and many of my friends and acquaintences and concluded to stop there for a time and by the urgent request of many of my friends I commenced the practice of medicine This proved to be a great Cholera year and concequently a year of great suffering and distress and my calls were so numerous that for months I would get but little chance to take off my clothing to sleep This was also a great year for emigration to the mines in California

In the Spring 1851 I concluded to follow my Brothers Joel and Benjamine to the Rocky Mountains but the waters of the Elk Horn and Loupe Fork were so high it was almost impossible to cross them so it was decided by the emigration to take a new route which had never been

explored to cross the head waters of these streams So on the 13th day of June 1851 I started with my family and many others on this unexplored route and the hardships and suffering we endured was more than I can describe on paper We traveled many days over sandy deserts almost without food water or fuel Cattle and horses stampeding left many without teams to pull their wagons which had to be left behind with much property After a journey of several weeks, we arrived on the old road on the Platte River. In crossing the bottoms for several miles we passed through a herd of Buffalo which extended as far as the eye could reach each way and as we traveled on they parted right and left to let us pass through About 10 miles before we reached the Platte River my son Miles Edger was born on the 31st of July 1851 On that night we had the hardest storm I ever remember in my life thunder lightning and rain But the sun shone bright in the morning and we continued our journey under more favorable circumstances the rest of the way We reached Salt Lake City about the first of October We remained in the city a few days visiting with old friends and then started for Summit Creek Utah Co Where my brother Bengamin was about to establish a colony Here I built the first cabin and remained here a short time and then removed to Springville where I built one of the first cabins on the city lots Here I remained until the Black Hawk war broke out and Summit Creek with other small settlements were abandoned All my buildings were torn down and all moved into the fort I was appointed Post Master in the fall of 1851 In the fall of 1853 I was called to go and assist in building up Iron Co and learn the Piede Dialect where I went in the fall of 1853 Here in connection with my nephew

Nephi Johnson we compiled and published the Piede Language in Pamphlet form In the winter of 1855 I went to Salt Lake City and got it printed and on our return we were snow bound in the Mountains and suffered much from cold and hunger being four (4) days without food and leaving wagon and the horse on the road I remained in Iron County about two (2) years The most of my time among the Indians and exploring the mountains I was called back to assist in rebuilding Summit Creek This proved to be a grass hopper year or year of famine We spent the summer at Summit Creek and as we raised nothing concluded to return to Iron County for the winter where I earned flour enough to load a team and in the spring I returned to Summit Creek (now called Santaquin) taking with me flour enough to last my family and some others through the famine

During the summer of 1857 I was appointed counselor to Bishop James S Holman and ordained a high priest under the hands of Bishop Blackburn at Provo Utah Co. I was also appointed Clerk of the Branch also Post Master which positions I held until the Fall of 1859 when I was called to make settlement at the Uinta Springs in Sanpete County where I soon built a cabin and prepared for the winter The next summer I got the land surveyed Laid off a town I called it Fountain Green and prepared to build up the place In the Fall settlers began to come in and many cabins were built and during the winter we built a school house I was then appointed Bishop and also Post Master Everything went on well for a time but domestic difficulties arose and a part of my family left me and I then returned to Santaquin where I remained until 1863 When I removed to Springlake where my brother Joseph had settled Here I again

fitted up a home for what remained of my family In the spring of 1864 I started for the Eastern Country on business Taking my oldest son Amos P with me Our trip was pleasant and rapid from Salt Lake City to Council Bluffs Nothing occurring of interest until we reached the Platte River opposite Julesburg Here we found the river overflowing its banks and many emigrants waiting to cross Here we met a Negro with 13 yoke of oxen who offered to take us over safely for ten (10) dollars per wagon This we promised to pay him and he hitched on to two wagons and started out The cattle found bottom until they got within about two hundred yards (200) yards of the other shore where they struck deep water and then the leaders turned around and all wound up like a ball and we had a lively time cutting them loose but never lost an ox But we lay in the water until after dark before we could get the wagon out and then we found we had lost everything except my trunk and its contents and one set of harness which were made fast to the wagon and one Buffalo robe But we soon bought a few supplies from the emigrants and was on our way at ten o'clock the next morning The rest of our journey was accomplished without anything occurring worth relating We had made the journey of twelve hundred (1200) miles inside of 30 days from home At Council Bluff city I met with a few of my old friends and acquaintances of 13 years ago and all seemed glad to see me and offered me courtesies etc But the place had changed wonderfully we remained here about a month I bought fitted up and loaded three ox teams with merchandise for Utah and about the middle of July we started on our return trip we had considerable bad luck for a few days losing cattle breaking wagons etc But soon our luck changed

and we got along without accident. We had not traveled far before we began to hear rumors of Indian difficulties ahead and soon heard that the Sioux Indians had taken the war path and were killing and destroying all that come in there way and we soon began to meet the ranchers coming into the settlements for safety and when we reached Fort Kearney we were stopped with all the emigration for 6 weeks by the U S Troops at that place. About the first of September we were released and in company of one hundred (100) wagons that had gathered there we continued our journey through scenes of desolation and destruction. Ranches destroyed buildings burned people murdered by the Indians and everything abandoned to them and the wolves. The last part of our journey was through storms and snow. We lost much of our stock and left part of our loading. We arrived in S L City about the last of November. Having suffered everything but death and when we arrived home I was completely worn out and sick and confined to my bed nearly all winter. But in the Spring I recovered my usual health. The next summer I was called to go south to assist in opening up new sections of the country and make new settlements. I sold out my property at Spring Lake with the intention of going south in the Fall. When the company would start I sent my stock ahead by my brother J E and I moved to Spanish Fork to fit for the trip and remained there through the summer. In the fall I fitted up teams preparatory to starting and returned to Spring Lake to finish my outfit and wait for a company. While here an accident happened to my family which hindered me starting until winter. So I concluded to wait till spring and go over to Fountain Green and to spend the balance

of the winter where some of my children were living Here I had a long and severe spell of sickness which lasted the most of the winter and I was obliged to sell one of my wagons for bread The winter was so severe that much stock died of starvation and amongst this I lost five (5) head of horses from my team and all of my horned stock I had left but one cow when spring came I found myself in very poor health and in very poor circumstances and undecided what to do for a team or food for my family 1866 I finally decided to move over to Willow Creek in Juab Co and try to get a team and go south as soon as I could I hired a man to haul me over The town of Mona had just been surveyed and I got me a city lot and commenced building thinking to sell out for a team But no such chance occurred I built a house set out an orchard and made what improvements I was able My improvements were about the first on the plot During the summer of 1867 I was appointed Post Master at Mona and I soon built an office and commenced the seed business and furnished garden seeds to all the southern settlements to be sold on commission During the summer of 1870 it was thought best to have a reunion of the Johnson family and an invitation was circulated throughout the territory for all to meet at Saint George that Fall and spend the winter at that place so about the first of October of that year I fitted up two teams and started taking with me my wife and family on our way we met with many old friends and had a very pleasant journey until we reached Saint George Here I met with four (4) brothers and one sister and many more of our kindred also Brigham Young George A Smith and many more of the authorities of the church who had gathered there to spend the

winter with us We had a very pleasant time visiting with our kindred and friends During the winter we had a general gathering in the Saint George hall All of our kindred and many others were present including Brigham Young George A Smith and others of the authorities of the church and their wives Two tables the length of the hall were loaded with the choicest of food After partaking of the sumptuous repast the rest of the night was spent in dancing and other amusements and we had a time long to be remembered During the winter we went to Kanab and also to a little stream 12 miles above which we called Johnson Here we made arrangements to colonize the Johnson family But did not succeed in getting there On returning to Saint George I learned that two of my horses had got drowned in a large spring It was now about time for our returning to our northern homes So I fitted up one team and we were on our way bidding the sunny south with our kindred and friends good by We had a very pleasant trip home and found everything about as we had left it Soon after my return the Hebo mines excitement broke out and I then commenced keeping boarders and later to making trunks which I followed until 1882 when a difficulty broke out in my domestic affairs which terminated in all leaving me for New Mexico except my youngest boy Charles Edwin who remained with me We remained at Mona until January 1884 to settle up business and get rid of the Post Office when we took the cars for Castle Valley where some of my children were living Here at Huntington with the help of my children who were there we built a cabin and prepared to try to make a living and start anew as I had done several times before but I found that hardships exposure and age had done their work and I had nearly done

mine My family did not like New Mexico and returned in 1885 Two of my children stopping at Grand Valley the remainder come to me at Huntington Emery County Utah In the fall of 1886 with my boy Charley I went to Grand Valley to spend the winter with my children We had a very pleasant visit with them Through the winter and in March we returned to Huntington where we remained until November 1888 when we went to Manti Sanpete County to do some work in the Temple for our dead There on the 14th day of November I was married to Clarrissa Robertson by Daniel H Wells while over there we went to Fountain Green to visit with my children there and had a very pleasant trip until we reached home Nov 18, 1888

For a few years past I have been in the habit of amusing myself by writing poetry Some of which has been mislead and lost A few pieces were published in pamphlet form at Saint George By Charles E Johnson called Jotting By the way since my health has failed me I have spent some time in collecting and copying them in a book and also printing a few more pieces myself in pamphlet form And also in hunting out geneology in which I accomplished a great work Much of my time for the last four years has been spent in this way This is February 18th 1893 Should I live until tomorrow my years of life will be three score and ten and still able to do some good in my researches in geneology I have accomplished a great work in tracing out the Dalton and De Craw families all traces of which had been lost All work had been done for the dead of those families that could be until I commenced a research and have found about two hundred (200) to work for And on the 30th day of June 1893 we started for the Temple at Manti where we met others of the kindred

amounting in all to 22 and accomplished the work for about 50 of that number I was quite sick the most of the time but we had a gathering long to be remembered Here I met many old friends and acquaintances A number dating back 50 or 60 years All contributing to our comfort and happiness We remained here nearly two weeks when we parted company and I then went to Fountain Green and spent two of three very pleasant days with my children and then returned home feeling that our time had been well spent and the Lord had prospered us in our work We arrived home on the 21st day of July Since then to the present time November 24th I have spent the most of my time in writing I have received three (3) patriarchial blessings at different periods of my life under the hands of different Patriarchs of the church One under the hands of Joseph Smith Sen A copy of which I never received He was the first Patriarch of the church The next under the hands of John Smith (his brother) the third under the hands of William McBride the two last I will copy here as I did not put them in their proper place

A patriarchial blessing given under the hands of John Smith
Patriarch upon the heads of George Washington Johnson Son of Ezekiel
and Julia Hills Johnson Born Feb 19th 1823 Pomfret Chautauque Co
New York

Brother George I lay my hands upon the head in the name of the
living God to seal a Fathers Blessing upon thee for thou art a lawful
heir to the blessings sealed upon the heads of thy father and to their
posterity even the sons of Joseph to be to thee and thy seed forever
and I ask my heavenly father to preserve thy life and give thee health
and strength for many years until thou shalt accomplish every purpose
of thy hearts desire That thy name may be held in honorable remembrance
through out all generations Thy posterity shall be as numerous as the
stars in heaven which cannot be numbered Thou shalt be a savior upon
Mount Zion and stand with the hundred and forty four thousand clothed
in white Thou shalt have power to go from Land to Land and from sea
to sea From Island to Island and from Planet to Planet and visit the
prisons where the spirits of the departed dwell Proclaiming salvation
through all thy course and mighty power and success which cannot now
be described The number of thy years shall be according to thy faith
even to see the curtains of Zion spread over all the continent of America
with all the beauty and glory thereof Thou shalt have thine inheritance
with thy brethern in time and in eternity and thy companion and thy child-
ren with thee possessing all the riches of heaven and earth to thy full
satisfaction if thou art faithful not one word shall fail for I seal it
upon thee by the authority of the Priesthood and I seal thee up to eternal
life Amen

Given to Macedonia Hancock County Illinois August 13, 1944 John Smith Pat.

A patriarchial blessing given under the hands of Wm. McBride
Patriarch upon the head of George Washington Johnson Son of Ezekiel and
Julia Hills Johnson Born February 19th 1823 Pomfert Chautauque Co
New York Brother George In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I lay
my hands upon thy head and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood I
seal upon thee a Patriarchial blessing and I also seal and confirm upon
thee all thy former blessings and ordanations and desires and expectations
according to the order of the Gospel For thy leniage is in Isreal
through the lins of Ephraim and thou art an heir by promise and leniage
to all the blessings that are promised to Abraham Isaac and Jacob and
I say unto thee be then faithful to thy desires and the Lord will not
leave thee comfortless He will give thee wives and children to suit
thy circumstances and give thee health and strength and an everlasting
inheritence ad by obedience to the new and everlasting covenents Thou
shalt be gathered with the saints of the most high and with them take
the kingdom and possess it forever with all the gifts and blessings per-
taining there to and thou shalt stand upon thine inheritence in the Morn-
ing of the first reserection and be numbered among the faithfull for I
seal these words upon thee in the name of Jesus Amen

Given at Mona Juab Co Utah May 8 1881

William McBride Patriarch

Huntington Emery Co Utah April 23 1893

Note I have just come into possession of an old paper which dates back so far I thought I would incert a copy of it here in full as it reaches back to my boyhood days and the most of it belongs to my family history The words in brackets I have supplied

Kirtland April 3rd 1835

This day of meeting was called at the house of Lyman Sherman for the purpose of blessing his family with a patriarchial blessing After the company had come together the marriage ceremony of A. W. (Alexander Whitesides) and E. S. (Electa Sherman) was solemnized by prayer by Wm E. McT. (William E. McTullen) and the rites sacred by Esq Hansen after which the meeting proceeded to receive the blessing under the hands of Pres P. S. Sign (President Joseph Smith Sen) Who commenced by prayer

The blessing of Asenoth Sherman Sister Sherman

In as much as thou has been obedient to the commandments thou has come out from the world in the name of J S (Jesus Christ) I bless thee with the blessings of thy progenetors and with a fathers blessing and thou shalt be blest in thine old age and thy life is sacred to thee for the Lord shall keep it and shall minister unto thee and thou shalt be gathered to thy fathers in a good old age and thy children shall call thee blessed and I ask my heavenly father to seal (it upon thee) Amen

Lyman Sherman

Brother L. S. (Lyman Sherman) I lay my hands upon thy head in this name of Jesus Christ and inasmuch as thou hast no father God shall be thy father and he shall comfort thee and it has been promised too that

thou shalt go forth and the Lord shall minister unto (thee) and thou shalt have power to command the waters and thou shalt cause the earth to tremble for thou art one of the horns of Joseph to push the people together and in the name of (Jesus Christ) I pronounce these blessings upon thee and upon thy children to the latest generation and I ask my heavenly father to seal it Even So Amen

Deleena Sherman

Sister (Sherman)

I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of (Jesus Christ) to bless thee and thou shalt receive a blessing with thy husband and the Lord shall bless thee so thy heart shall be drawn after the good of souls so thou shalt be with thy Husband shall go to declare the things of the kingdom and he shall return yea many times shall he return and at the end of his labors he shall return and you shall be blest together and thy soul shall be blessed with all the blessings of heaven In as much as thou shalt ask in righteousness and these things I promise to thee and I ask my heavenly father to seal them from a comfort to thee and thy children and thy childrens (children) Amen

Cornelia Sherman

Sis(ter) Sherman

I lay my hands (upon thy head) in the name of J. C. (Jesus Christ) and I pronounce a fathers blessing upon thee thou art in thy youth and I say unto thee keep the commandments of God for Satan shall seek to destroy thee but he shall not overcome in as much as thou art faithfull and thou shalt be blessed with long life even until thou art satisfied

there with Thy name is written in heaven nevermore to be blotted out if faithfull and in the end of thy days thou shalt be gathered home to thy father and I ask my heavenly father to seal these (things upon thee)

Evenso Amen

Almira Johnson

Sister (Almira)

I pronounce upon thy head the blessing of a father Thou hast had much affliction because of th father and thou shalt be delivered from that curse and received the blessing through the Prst (Preasthood) of M (Melch-sadeck) and now thou (shalt) be blest of the Lord and yea thou art blessed of the (Lord) and if thou art faithfull thou shalt come off conquoros and thou shalt be saved when the Lord shall (come) and these blessings with all thy heart can desire in righteousness are thine

Even so Amen

Susan Johnsons Blessings

(Sister Susan)

I lay my hands upon thy head and I say in his name lift up thy head and rejoyce for the Lord has seen thine affliction in the days of thy youth because thou hast sought to keep his commandments and thou shalt be blessed and thy tounge shall be loosed so thou canst speak the praise of God and thou shalt be blessed and God shall be thy father and he whall bless thee with a fathers blessings and at last seal you His and these blessings I give you in the name of J C (Jesus Christ) and thou shalt receive a crown of righteousness Even so Amen

The Blessing Mary Johnson

(Sister Mary)

I lay my hands (upon thy head) in the name of J C (Jesus Christ) thou shalt be blest of the Lord for thy father hast also sought to destroy thy peace because thou hast been mindfull of the Lord and thou hast been deprived of the E but the Lord shall comfort thee and Satan shall not overcome (thee) angels shall minister unto (thee) if thou shalt seek it with thy heart Thy tounge shall be loosed and thy name is written in heaven and I ask the Lord to seal it there and thou shalt be blest with heavens blessings Even So Amen

Marlow Everets

I lay my hands (upon thy head) I pronounce even the blessing of A. I. J. (Abraham Isaac and Jacob) and blessings shall C (come) upon thy head and the heads of thy seed if thou shalt have any and the time shall come when thou shalt be called to declare the word of God and if thou shalt be faithfull thou shalt be blest with the blessings of heaven and in the name of J. C. (Jesus Christ) I seal these blessings upon thee and thy posterity Even So Amen

Benjamin Johnson

Benjamin

I lay my hands upon thee for thou hast a right to it and I bless thee with the blessings of a father in as much as thou shalt obey the covenants of the L (Lord) and thou shalt receive the mission which thy brother S (Seth) has been taken from and if faithfull thou shalt be crowned with many sheaves and thou must prepare thy heart and go

forth into the waters of Baptism and thou shalt receive his blessings of heaven and at last be crowned in the celestial kingdom Amen

Joseph Johnson

(Brother Joseph)

If thou wilt listen to the voice of (wisdom thou shalt) see the Lord and thou wilt follow the Redeemer into the waters of Baptism thou shalt be blest with the blessings of a father and pre adventure the Lord will give (thee) thy father and I ask my heavenly father to seal thee His and I seal these blessings upon thee In the name of the J. C. (Jesus Christ) Even So Amen

The Blessings of Elder John Carrol

Brother C (Carrol)

I lay my hands (upon thy head) and confirm a fathers blessings (upon thee) The Lord has looked upon thee and he will be thy father and the Lord will throw around thee the arms of omnipotence and protect thee for thou art a chosen vessel of the Lord and thy words shall pierce to the heart of thine enemies for thy name is written in heaven and thou shalt soar above the grave and all temporal things and these things I seal upon thy head in the name of the Lord and thy wife shall be blest in common with thee as I cannot see her and it shall comfort her heart and these blessings are to thee and thy children to the latest generation Even So In the name of the Lord Amen and amen

The Blessing of Almon Sherman

(Brother Almon)

Thou hast not opened thy mouth as thou ought to have done but if thou wilt humble thyself thou shalt be blest with a Fathers Blessing for the Lord has tried thee and thy desires mostly have been pure and the Lord shall bless thee and he shall be thy father and thy tounge shall be loosed and thou shalt be blest with many sheaves and thou shalt lead many to Zion and they shall call thee blessed and thou shalt be blest with all things which thou covets in righteousness desire and thou shalt go forth and none shall have power to stop thy ministry nor take thy life until thou shalt lay it down for the cause of Christ and in the name of the Lord these (things) are yours if you seek them with all thy heart Even So Amen

I find a few scraps and maxims scattered through my writings which I do not beleive was ever in print so I will jot them down

I will here jot down a few Maxims or bits of wisdom which I have proven to be good through experience They never have been in print

NEVER

Never leave cheerfullness behind when you enter a sick room
Never say yes when your better judgment says no
Never tell your best friend all you know
Never betray trust or confidence
Never seem one thing and act another
Never stoop to flattery
Never wait for something to turn up turn something up
The cheapest thing is generally the dearest
He who always has bad neighbors is generally his worst neighbor he has
Those who talk most express the least good sence
It is cheaper to buy than to borrow
Friendship is known by deeds not words
Kind words are as easy spoken as harsh ones
Plain words are better than flattery
Truth and honesty always wins the race
Everything begets its kind love begets love envy begets envy
Religion is a garment for everyday wear
Thoughts are out won property
Words belong to those that hear them
Idleness is the mother of vice
Patience is the mother of Success
Firmness is the mother of respect
Truth is the mother of honor
Industry is the mother of contentment
Intemperence is the mother of crime
A clear concience is the mother of happiness

RULES FOR A SICK ROOM

On entering a sick room take cheerfullness with you
Let your words be few but cheerfull
Show no sign of doubt in fear of the result of what is expected of you
Have no conversation in whispers in the presence of the sick
Let no work or look betray a fear for the patients safety
Keep a cheerfull countenance
Consult nature in all you do if you don't know what to do do nothing

It is better to loose a patient than to kill one
Have no more assistants than is needed
As far as possible humor the whines of the patient

MAXIMS FOR THE CHILDREN

The truth is best in every call
A falsehood always will debace

Remember well the Sabbath Day
Besure you neither work nor play

A place for every thing prepare
When out of use be sure tis there

If you've a job of work to do
Stick to it till you get it through

As soon as you are done with play
Be sure to put your things away

Early to bed will give you health
Early to rise will give you wealth

The Truth is always best to tell
A falsehood never does us well

On Sunday morning neat and clean
Be sure at Sabbath School your seen

Talk not at the table tis vulgar and rude
For children to talk unless asking for food

You never will tell all you know if your wise
A gossip all good honest people despise

Work when you work and play when you play
But do neither one when it comes Sabbath day

When you have work to do then work
For from your task you should not shirk

A Rebus (or Riddle)

I'm a word of four letters though much to be wondered If you
take off my first you will take off one hundred And the name of a
fowl will remain Then my last take away put my first back once
more You will take off one half that you took off before And the name
of beast will be plain Put me back as at first Then my first

and my second a part of firm represents it is recorded you will oft
see it over the door My first second fourth denity rank it is said
my whole is a thing to be worn on the head So now I will tell you no
more

Cowl worn by monks on the head

Note

The following is to show the effect of leaving off or changing
a letter in any composition

Do you believe in an omen She wrote on slate
No I quickly replied 'Tis a thing that I hate
Then she wrote the last word with W before
Then I quickly replied This a thing I adore
Then she said would you like at the alter to be
Then I added an H saying lead me and see
Then she quickly replied if to you tis the same I will leave
Off the H in regard to my name
Then she said I'll be hanged if I try to please you
Then I added a C saying that you will do
Then she said would you like for a ride to take me
I replied yes with pleasure when I added a B
Then let us be gone if your ready says she
I am ready I said if you take off the G

ON THE PROGRAM
(July 24 in 1887)

The seventies the hunters and fishers of this last dispensation
May they get plenty of game and may
Their nets be like Peters of old be full
To overflowing.

PROLOGUE

Kind Reader, perhaps your expecting to find
On these pages a something to just suit your mind
Some sparkling of wit or some scraps of satire
Or perhaps love or romance your thoughts would inspire

Or should you to something more serious incline
A historical sketch or religion divine
Or whatever subject your fancy may choose
You may find if these pages you chance to peruse

But your likely to say in the end he's no poet
So I'll tell you beforehand I very well know it
so criticise gently the blunders you see
For I am not claiming a poet to be

MY MOTHER

(On hearing of my Mother's death)

How oft fond memory paints the scences
Of times long past away
When with thee Mother I did dwell
In lands far far away
But now Thine eye is closed by death
And unto Thee is given
Immortal sights to gaze upon
The brightness e'en of Heaven

Now neath the shades that Thou did'st love
At Eve I love to sit
While memories of other lives
Around my fancy flitt
I think upon the Household band
That was Thy hearts delight
The kind the fair the loved the lost
Oh where are they tonight

Ah Mother Thou did'st sorely weep
One lovely summer day
When I went from the humble roof

To dwell in lands away
Thy tears did mingle then with mine
We said the sad adieu
Ah little did I then believe
I'd meet no more with you

Yes Mother when a stripling boy
I thought I loved Thee well
But oh I never knew thy worth
Till forced to say farewell
The years sped on and one by one
The links fell from our chain
The clasp was gone when Mother died
T'will ne'er be linked again

But since with us Thou couldst not stay
Thy spirit would be free
We'll strive to imitate thy work
Ere long to meet with Thee

TO MY WIFE
(On starting East in 1864)

I am leaving Thee in sorrow
I am leaving Thee in tears
The time seems long to Thee love
'Tis only months not years
'Tis better thus to part love
Than linger here in pain
And sigh for better days love
That will not come again

I'm leaving Thee but weep not
I'll soon come back to Thee
And bring Thee hope and comfort
For Thou art dear to me
I'm thinking of the past love
Thy locks were bright as gold
Thy smile was soft but now love
Our hearts are growing old

'Tis not the blossom faded
From off thy cheek so fair
But winter comes too soon love
And chilled the flowers there
I'm leaving Thee in sorrow
'Tis hard for us to part
But I will soon return love
Then joy will fill Thy heart

I am leaving Thee but weep not
For when I've crossed the plain
I'll bring Thee joy and comfort
When I return again
I'm leaving Thee in sorrow
But weep not Thou for me
For God will speed my journey
Till I return to Thee

TO MY WIFE

We are growing old together
You and I my darling wife
We have passed our sunny childhood
We have passed our prime of life

Many times the way we've traveled
Has been wet with bitter tears
And we've had our share of sorrow
Through these long and weary years

But we've oft met rays of sunshine
Shedding light upon our way
Bringing to us joy and pleasure
As it chased the gloom away

But we're passing down together
Down the rugged hill of life
And we soon shall reach the valley
That will end our toil and strife

There with friends who've gone before us
We will clasp the hand again
And enjoy a happy sunshine
Free from sorrow, toil and pain

TO MY MOTHER

(Written at Council Bluffs after an absence of 13 yrs.)

Yes Mother I've come back again
To this once sacred place
I've traveled over hill and plain
Since last I saw Thy face

And many weary years I've past
On fickle fortunes track
But here I am again at last
Yes Mother I've come back

I was here I left you Mother dear
And weeping sisters too
My brothers too I left them here
And friends both tried and true

Oh where are all those loved ones gone
My heart is fit to break
For here I am alone alone
Yes Mother I've come back

But Mother lies on yonders hill
A sister by her side
And friends of yore I loved so well
Have sickened too and died

And some have gone to distant lands
To follow fortunes track
And here I am alone alone
Yes Mother I've come back

I'm solitary and alone
In this much crowded street
Among the thousands that I see
Not one known face I meet

Old memories crowd upon my brain
Old times are coming back
In fancy I am young again
Yes Mother I've come back

THE VALES OF DESERT
(While in the East in 1864)

Oh I know a little cottage
Standing by a little hill
With an orchard all around it
And near by a murmuring rill
And inside that little cottage
There are friends I'll No'er forget
But 'tis far among the mountains
In the vales of desert

There the partner of my bosom
And the charer of my lot
And our rosy little children
All reside within that cot
But there's many a mile between us
And full many a sun will set
E're I see that little cottage
In the vales of desert

I have traveled over mountains
 Ever capped with crystal snow
 And beheld the mighty desert
 As I cast my eyes below
 I have crossed the swelling river
 And have many hardships met
 Since I saw the little cottage
 In the vales of deseret

But my face I'll now turn homeward
 To those loving friends of yore
 For with war and dire commotion
 All the land is running o'er
 Then oh what a happy meeting
 When we all again have met
 In that little humble cottage
 In the vales of deseret

TO MY SISTER ESTHER

(Written Feb. 19, 1874 in answer to her letter)

Dear Sister, 'Tis the Sabbath day
 When we should neither work or play
 But people think no harm to write
 From early dawn till dark at night
 So I will write a line to you
 Tho I can think of nothing new
 So lately did I write before
 That I can think of nothing more

Unless the whooping we've got
 I cannot tell if 'tis or not
 Poor Minnie coughs both night and day
 And nothing drives the cough away
 The others cough but not so bad
 And Eveline the cough has had
 The Baby worried so last night
 I got no sleep till broad daylight

Today my headaches so severe
 I scarcely know if I am here
 The Spring has been so cold and late
 But little garden I can make
 The swelling buds upon the trees
 Are opening out through storm and freeze
 The grass is green upon the plain
 And flowers are blooming out again

These all proclaim that Spring has come
The fingers will get cold and numb
The limbs some better seem to be
A dollar now and then I see
The not enough to keep me clear
Of daily wants and clothes to wear
I not a word from J. E. get
Or any of the Dixie set

B. F. writes to me from Spring Lake
He thinks of me he'll nothing make
The D. T.s are at home Bre this
If nothing with them went amiss
'Tis Monday and the finest day
We've had this Spring I'll truly say
So the garden I must go
To plant the seed to plow and sow

To clean the house the women say
They must begin this very day
So I must plaster, fix the floor
And do a thousand things or more
At night I'm tired as any dog
And tumble in just like a hog
So I will bid you now good day
For I have nothing more to say
May Heavenly Blessings ever be
With you to keep you company

TO MY SISTER

(This was written after 3 times asking me in her letters what I
thought of the New Order)

You may think it is hard but I'll tell you the truth
I believe as I did in the days of my youth
When Joseph preached to us the word of the Lord
And told us the Kingdom of God was restored
It consisted He said of the poor of the earth
No matter what nation, no matter what birth
The meek and the lowly the poor and down trod
No rich man could enter the kingdom of God

Far be it from me to say Brigham is wrong
Sincerely I've loved Him I've followed Him long
But still I must say He is only a man
And like all will make money whenever He can
There is many a man would do better no doubt
By having His destiny here pointed out
That man must lack something whoever he be
If I am that person I yet have to see

Altho I am poor and my living not good
And I often go short of good clothing and food
Yet seasoned with freedom a crust would be sweet
To bondage and all you could lay at my feet
So now I conclude with these facts in full view
To not be in haste in whatever I do
But patiently wait till its to my mind
And not be like many who now go it blind

When the Gods brought religion to earth to deal out
Our family got its full share without doubt
But some got too little and some got a gorge
And perhaps with the first is your poor Brother George
Don't take it unkindly whatever you do
Remember a brother is talking to you
With feelings of kindness for those who are dear
And those who have left us and yet are so near

I think I have written enough for today
At someother time I may have more to say
May happiness ever your pathway attend
I hope to be ever your brother and friend

A BURLESQUE

(This was written about 1844)

They say John C Bennett is forever undone
He has finished his course and his race he has run
He has barked his last bark and he's told his last lie
And he soon to the bottomless regions will lie
Crying Oh Dear

For when he is dead the young devils will come
And shoulder his body and take it along
Saying while on the earth Sir you served me well
And now I will carry you safely to hell
Crying Oh Dear

They will take him to hell and when they get there
Old Belzebub sits in his big rocking chair
Says Belzebub who have you got on your back
'Tis Bennet the Mormon apostate says Jack
Crying Oh Dear

Says Belzebub put him away in the hold
And bid the young devils to fill it with coal
And put in the brimstone and set it on fire
For sure there was never before such a liar
Crying Oh Dear

ON A PHOTOGRAPH

I know it looks not as it did
 When in her youthfull prime
We stood before the alter and
 She placed her hand in mine
Bright was her eye and dark her hair
 And smooth her youthfull brow
To love each other evermore
 We plighted there our vow

Since then full many a year has passed
 And brought both joy and care
And left their furrows on the brow
 And frost upon the hair
But what care I for frosty hair
 Or furrows on the brow
The love I bore her on that day
 Is stronger, purer now

It is not what it used to be
 There's frost upon the hair
The brow is furrowed o'er and time
 Has left the marks of care
But do not frown though fair your face
 And lithe your form may be
For time will surely do for you
 What he has done for me

OLD FRIENDS

One by one they are leaving they are passing away
 The friends I have cherished in lifes early day
Side by side through this life we have toiled on for years
 And shared with each other its joys and its tears
Until time in its flight has dropped snow on our hair
 And left on our faces the tales of care
A few more short years and this life will be o'er
 And we'll all meet again on that far brighter shore

TO DAVID T. LE BARON

(This was written in fulfillment of a promise to D. T. Le Baron
 and a review of our boyhood days)

My mind has been wandering backward
 Far back through the vista of years
To a time when we should have been happy
 E'r we knew of dark sorrow and tears
Of the boys and the girls our companions

Of the boys and the girls our companions
How well I remember them all
The spelling schools, plays and rehearsals
The singing schools, parties and balls

How well I remember the school house
Where Sheen kept the school through the day
And at night us young fellows would gather
With the girls for a dance or a play

There was Manly a jolly good fellow
And Daniel so fond of the hop
And you and I made up the quorum
Who used to play cards with Old Lop

There was Bill who would talk of all lasses
Aurora Hanson and Dave
And Sanford and Loren and Schuyler
He treated you worse than a knave

There was many more boys I could mention
But you will remember them all
And the jolly good times we had with them
At singing schools, parties and ball

Then there were the girls Heaven bless them
The mainspring of every joy
The light hearted girls of our boyhood
Who would not again be a boy

I know you remember my Mary
Lorana and Lydia and Lole
Paulieva, Eliza and Sarah
And Loanda who looked like a doll

There was Dosh who lived over the hollow
The school Marn so gracefull and tall
And many more girls I could mention
But you will remember them all

Then there was old Lawson the preacher
Oh was'nt he down on us boys
He would preach to us hell and damnation
And tried to spoil all of our joys

There was Gaylord the old singing master
Who taught us old Hundred by note
And kept on a peying shoe leather
And using his awl last and flote

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There was Morse who would play on his fiddle
The young folks would gather around
What a jolly good time we did have then
When we danced to that old fiddles sound

And his wife what a jolly good woman
Though homely as homely could be
The young folks she tried to make happy
Such women we seldom now see

There was many more jolly good fellows
And women true hearted and kind
But I'll not stop to put them on paper
Tho their names are all fresh in my mind

But where are those friends of our boyhood
How few of them now can be found
One by one they are passing away
But a few are still scattered around

Manly married, got rich and respected
But died in the east long ago
But Daniel is somewhere in Utah
But just where I am sure I don't know

And Sanford who married my Mary
In Sanpete is earning his bread
And Curtis is in California
And Bill and Alanson are dead

Of Schayles and Durrel I know not
Aurora is roaming about
I cannot tell where all the rest are
The most of them dead without doubt

And you and I still cling together
But soon we must follow the rest
Where we'll meet no more sorrow or trouble
To a far better land of the blessed

DIXIE

(Written in 1870 on our way to Dixie)

The time has now arrived
For us to haste away
As winter is approaching
No longer we'll delay
Lest storms upon the mountains
Should meet us on our way
As we go down to Dixie

Our friends have often urged us
To come to Dixie land
Where milk and wine and honey
In profusion are at hand
And every little luxury
As plenty as the sand
Way down in Sunny Dixie

We there shall meet our friends
And our relatives so dear
Our brothers and our sisters
We have not seen for years
And have a social gathering
With plenty of good cheer
When we get down to Dixie

They say 'tis very healthy
Way down in Dixie clime
The trees with fruit are loaded
And there's grapes on every vine
The rocks are full of honey
And gold in every mine
Way down in sunny Dixie

But when the winter's over
'Tis springtime of the year
And flowers fill the vales
And the sun is shining clear
We'll arise and haste away
To our northern homes so dear
Away from sunny Dixie

DARLING BE TRUE TO ME

(Written when she had left me and gone to her mothers, she returned
in a few days)

Darling be true to me only be true
Cherish the heart that is faithful to you
What care I tho friends maybe many or few
If you are true to me if you are true

Dark are the clouds that hang over me now
Causing deep wrinkles to furrow my brow
Scattering snow flakes all over my hair
Filling my bosom with sorrow and care

Thou art the star of my destiny bright
Shedding its rays my dark pathway to light
Leading me on through the dark sullen gloom
I have followed thee on till despair is my doom

Fondly I've cherished thine image for years
Though often thy coldness has caused bitter tears
But the light of thine eye would chase sorrow away
Bring joy to my heart with its lusterous ray

Thine image can never be torn from my heart
I must love thee still although fickle thou art
My love is no plaything to change at my will
Although knowing thy failings I must love thee still

Return to me Darling be constant once more
I'll love thee as fondly as ever before
Be blind to my faults as to thine I will be
A few cups of happiness still we may see

Our children will bless us our friends will be true
To live for each other we have plenty to do
Be true to your vows as I will be to mine
And be to each other a true valentine

GOD BLESS OUR HOME
Home at Mona

'Tis not because 'tis beautifull
This cherished home of ours
'Tis but a humble cottage
Amid the trees and flowers
But in that humble cot doth dwell
The friends that I do love so well

'Tis getting old and moss grown
And falling to decay
The threshold and hearth once new
Are wearing fast away
By footsteps that I love to hear
Though not as light as once they were

'Twas many, many years ago
I reared that humble cot
When not a tree or blade of grass
Adorned the barren spot
But now green grass and trees abound
And flowers shed fragrance all around

I love that dear old cottage
Though humble it may be
For many happy hours I've spent
With those so dear to me
In that old cot among the trees
Where flowers shed fragrance to the breeze

A VALENTINE

When Adam was created
According to the plan
He stood within the garden
A solitary man

God made a sleep come o'er him
A rib took from his side
And made of it a woman
And gave him for a bride

To cheer his lonely pathway
Down lifes uneven way
To make him truly happy
And bless him day by day

Since then has every Adam
Been seeking for a wife
In gentleness a guide him
Through all the ills of life

To share his joys and sorrows
To woman it is given
To be his only pole star
To guide him home to heaven

God's blessing on the woman
As maiden, mother, wife
And every true position
She may assume in life

And when we're called to leave it
And try another sphere
No matter where her home may be
With her may I it share

A home without a woman
Could be no home for me
But brightened by her presence
'Tis home where ere it be

Accept this little ditty
Which I for you have penned
And be to me most truly
My wife my only friend

TO LAURA
(after the death of her husband)

A few short months have past away
 Since she a youthfull bride
 Was standing by the alter
 And he was by her side
 Her hopes were high for happiness
 For many, many a year
 With him she loved with all her heart
 And friends she loved so dear

How short the time, how sad the change
 She's laid him in the grave
 And now she mourns her dearest friend
 No earthly power could save
 Hard is her lot though bravely born
 But time will soothe the pain
 Though clouds o'ershadow dark as night
 The sun will shine again

MY 54th BIRTHDAY

Once more my natal day has come
 The talley of my years
 It brings me hopes of happiness
 Though fraught with doubts and fears
 The silver threads among the hair
 The brow well furrowed o'er
 Proclaim that I am growing old
 Yes, I am fifty-four

I see my children women, men
 How strange it seems to me
 It seems so short a time since I
 Was on my mother's knee
 The years are swiftly passing by
 That will return no more
 They tell me I am growing old
 Yes, I am fifty-four

THE GOD OF NATURE

The God that others worship
 Is not the God for me
 He is too frail and fickle
 He has no identity
 But I've a God who rules Supreme
 In nature's works He may be seen
 In his majestic beauty
 Oh that's the God for me

He is not a God of anger
 He's not a God of strife
He's not a God delighting
 In taking human life
A God to love but not to fear
His works proclaim it everywhere
 He watches o'er His children
 Oh thats the God for me

I see Him in the sunshine
 And in the opening flower
I hear Him in the zephyrs
 That murmur through the bowers
I feel His presence everywhere
His gentle voice His watchfull cure
 Is ever present with me
 Oh thats the God for me

He asks no blind submission
 To any mortal man
In kindness and in reason
 He carries out His plan
No priest or ruler to oppress
Or rob us of what we possess
 In love He rules His children
 Oh thats the God for me

I love the glorious Springtime
 That brings refreshing showers
I love the fragrant Summer
 With all it's buds and flowers
I love fruit laden Autumn too
And Winter with its frost and snow
 Gifts of the God I worship
 Oh thats the God for me

REVERIE
(written at Mona)

Oh, how sad is my heart
 And how lonely my home
As home from my labor
 I silently come
Through each room as I wonder
 My footsteps resound
On my heart falls the echo
 A sorrowfull sound

Oh sad is the home
 Where no love can be found
To scatter the rays
 Of bright sunshine around

With a kind word or look
 When we're weary or sad
 From the dear ones we love
 How it makes the heart glad

How dreary the home
 Where loves image has fled
 And the germ of affection
 Is withered and dead
 Where the hearts we have cherished
 From boyhoods fond years
 Is dead to affection
 And blind to our tears

Oh fashion and pride
 Thou art cruel and vain
 How many fond hearts
 Thou hast severed in twain
 With thy tinsel and charms
 And they gorgeous array
 With deception and vice
 Thou art leading astray

May the day soon return
 When thy charm shall be broke
 And thy victims no longer
 Be bound by the yoke
 When pride and deception
 With all its gay train
 Will de camp and old truth
 Honest truth come and reign

HAPPY DAYS OF YORE
(At Mona)

No matter what the world may say
 I cannot bid her go
 She's been a faithfull wife to me
 In years of long ago
 Although on others she may smile
 And cares for me no more
 Her smile was once as bright for me
 In the happy days of yore

Although she meets me with a frown
 That shadows o'er my heart
 Her presence is still dear to me
 'Tis hard 'Tis hard to part
 Although her actions plainly tell
 My happy days are o'er
 I never, never can forget
 The happy days of yore

I CANNOT LEAVE MY CHILDREN
(At Mona)

I cannot leave my children
They are all that's left to me
To cheer my lonely pathway
O'er life's tempestuous sea
For when this life draws near its end
In them perhaps I'll find a friend

I'd miss their gentle presence
I'd miss their boisterous mirth
I'd miss their noisy footsteps
Around my lonely hearth
And when the shades of night appear
Oh then I miss their presence near

TO MY BROTHER J. E.

(On receiving a letter from my brother J. E. to meet him for an out
to enjoy ourselves in the hills again, this was my answer)

Talk not to me of pleasure
Enjoyment or of rest
With friends I love so dearly
And say 'tis for the best

To leave all cares behind me
When children must be fed
And each day brings the labor
That gives them daily bread

A week or two of pleasure
With friends I love so dear
And cares all left behind me
And plenty of good cheer

'Tis really a temptation
'Tis hard to answer no
But duty bids me onward
To labor, toil and woe

How gladly would I meet you
To wander o'er the hills
To pluck the mountain flowers
And watch the murmuring rills

To angle in the streamlet
To hunt upon the plain
To climb the mountain gorges
And be a boy again

You surely will remember
That life is waning fast
And each year as it passes
Seems shorter than the last

That fortune has been fickle
In dealing out my store
And ever kept me guarding
The grim wolf from my door

So I must still keep toiling
As year on year goes round
But hope it will be better
In the happy hunting ground

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST

I today in overhauling
Picked up something on the floor
'Twas a bundle of old letters
Old and time worn nothing more
Dearest Husband said the letter
Ah my eyes are filled with tears
'Tis a sentence well remembered
Though not heard for many years

Thoughts of years that long had vanished
Chase each other through my mind
When to me kind words were spoken
From a heart so true and kind
When bright smiles were shed around me
Gentle words I then did hear
When around the fireside gathered
With our friends and children dear

When with gentle smile she met me
When my daily toil was o'er
And our children gathered round us
At our humble cottage door
Now how changed Oh draw the curtain
Let not words the sequel tell
Social happiness has vanished
Lifes enjoyment fare you well

TO MY BROTHER JOEL

(This was written after a long silence, I had not heard for a long while)

Dear Brother, in thinking o'er times that are past
It seems to be years since I heard from you last
And I've almost forgotten your present address
Of your family matters I really know less

But I do not forget you are my elder brother
The senior of all of the sons of our mother
Then why not be social with brother and friend
This life is but short we are nearing the end

Now write me a letter and let it be long
Tell me how fares yourself are you feeble or strong
And how fares your wife and your children and friends
Your flocks and your herds and your houses and lands

Now as to myself I have little to tell
My health is quite poor I am never right well
And the times are so hard I've poor prospects ahead
To clothe up my children and furnish them bread

I have ten children married and left the old oot
With wife and five others I stick to the spot
I have seventeen grandchildren all under ten
With prospects all fair to make women and men

My prospects in business is not very good
I have all I can do to get clothing and food
But I toil on in hopes that the future may be
A little more bright to my friends and to me

Then write to me often 'tis pleasure to me
To hear from my friends wheresoever they be
May you many more years of true happiness see
With peace your companion where ever you be

TO MY BROTHER JOEL
(In answer to his letter)

Dear Brother, your letter was duly received
And my mind by its contents was somewhat relieved
For I am happy to learn there is one in our band
Who has plenty of money goods houses and lands

With friends wife and children all faithfull and kind
And health of the body and peace of the mind
At peace with all men and all good things in store
What man on the earth could be wishing for more

Then may you these blessings enjoy evermore
Live many more years ere lifes journey is o'er
May you lie down in peace when the victory is won
When you've finished lifes work may you know 'tis well done

With me this worlds goods are but scanty indeed
Where I get a dollar a hundred I need
To supply all my wants as each day passes o'er
I must struggle to keep the grim wolf from my door

As winter approaches my clothing is scant
No money to buy the provision I want
To provide for my wife and my children and friends
With food and with clothing my wants have no ends

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER

(This was written on visiting the Hall where we had spent a week
in amusemant somewhere near 1860)

The holidays are over
The brightest days of all
The lights are all extinguished
In banquet and in hall

Where late the joyous dancers
With wayward giddy feet
Were whirling in the waltzes
To notes of music sweet

And peels of joyous laughter
Resounded through the hall
And happiness and pleasure
Presided over all

Now all is dark and gloomy
And silence fills the room
The lights are all extinguished
And all is sullen gloom

As here I sit and ponder
I think of days long past
Of days when I was happy
Of days to good to last

I then was young, light hearted
And friends were kind and true
The world was bright and joyous
No sorrow then I knew

Then like this hall with dancers
My heart was gay and light
Now like this hall deserted
'Tis sad and dark as night

MY 56th BIRTHDAY

How swiftly glide the passing years
With all their sorrows joys and tears
They bring me nearer to the close
When I shall find my last repose
Another year has flown away
And brought again my natal day

With wrinkled brow and frosty hair
 That tell of toil and anxious cure

My Fifty-sixth year now is past
 And who shall say 'tis not the last
 Of toil and sorrow, pain and woe
 That I on earth will have to know
 And when the time shall come may I
 Be willing and prepared to die
 And have no fears that worse I'll find
 When earthly things are left behind

A BURLESQUE

Good morning my friend said the Devil one day
 To a toper he met as he passed on his way
 You seem to be happy so tell me I pray
 Has anyone started a Hell up this way
 For just as I started someone did me tell
 That somewhere in Mona a woman did dwell
 Who had gone into business such liquor to sell
 So poison t'would kill all the devils in hell

And I thought I would just like to find out the place
 For to me it would be such a lasting disgrace
 For I never again could old Belzebub face
 If to such a vile haunt he my footsteps should trace
 I am fond of a glass of good liquor you know
 And I often indulge with my friends down below
 But to such a vile haunt if I ever should go
 They would drive me from Hell t'would be stooping so low

There once was a woman from just such a place
 Who came down below from the earth in disgrace
 So old Belzebub thought he would make a test case
 So he tried her with fire but she laughed in his face
 Then he piled up the brinstone and built such a fire
 That we stood a mile off and we dare not go nigher
 But she laughed him to scorn with the flames rising higher
 And she back to earth came and we gained nothing by her

Then old Belzebub feared she might come back again
 And storm his dominion with all her vile train
 So he placed a strong guard around his spacious domain
 And sent me to see if some news I could gain
 We have no place for such filthy witches below
 And in heaven they will not admit them you know
 It is hard to say where such vile witches will go
 But wherever it is t'will be filthy and low

LITTLE MERRY MORMONS

We little merry Mormons are
Together we have come
To tell what we intend to do
When we are older grown
We are resolved while we are young
To study and to learn
To make good honest faithfull wives
When we that title earn

We are resolved we will not wed
A man who loves the glass
Or has a habit of strong drink
No, No we! let him pass
We will not marry any man
Who smokes or chews the weed
His habits would too filthy be
No, no Sir no indeed

We will not marry any man
Who swears or is profane
For in His word we are forbid
To take His name in vain
We will not marry any man
Who lounges on the street
For He would not a home provide
Or earn the bread we'd eat

The man we marry must be pure
In body and in mind
He must be honest kind and true
To sober thoughts inclined
He must be free from every sin
That we have mentioned here
To such a man we'd give a love
True, honest and sincere

Though he might have a dozen wives
For that we would not care
We think we'd love him just as well
And we his love would share
We'd rather wed an honest man
With all the hearts he wins
Than anyone who will indulge
In all these little sins

TO D. T. LE BARON

(In answer to his letter, the date lost, but about 1863 or 70)

I have set myself down
For the want of a better

On this dirty sheet of paper
To answer your letter
For not writing before
You express to me sorrow
I accept your excuse
Now write me tomorrow

The man who called there
He to Williams was sent
But it seems that he called
Upon you as he went
If the Bishop don't tythe
Your tony green down there
You may send it along
I'll play Bishop out here

You are right when you fancy
Me full of the blues
Through this long dreary winter
With poor food and worse clothes
Yes, I think at that game
Could we once again play
As we did on my lot
It would drive care away

But 'Tis past we shall never more
Meet again here
When I think of the past
In my eye starts a tear
There are left of our early
Companions but few
And we soon must follow
To carth bid adieu

You say you are making
A fishing net new
I would rather have that one
We had at Nauvoo
It would bring to my mind
Such a crowd of old times
You will think of them all
Though they are not put in rhyme

Yet I wish you good luck
With the one you will make
And I'll help you in eating
The fish you will take
You say that the boys
Are in school doing well
Now this is the news
I am glad you can tell
And I hope you will send
The Review out to me

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For I am quite anxious
The paper to see
The almanacs came
And were gladly received
Now the baby has strung it
You'd not have believed

You spoke of the fruit trees
Which you had to spare
No matter what kind
I'll be glad of them here
And whatever you send
To your credit I'll place
Though you never are paid
Till the last day of grace

I'm resolved on an orchard
An orchard I'll have
Unless I should leave
Or be put in my grave
To get some of good size
I am somewhat inclined
To get some to bud from
That are true to them kind

And any good thing
In the list of small fruit
You of course will remember
Exactly will suit
As I can't do without
Food to eat clothes to wear
And for this I of course
Must begin to prepare

So I think that a nursery
Here would do well
So I think I will make one
And have trees to sell
All the sprouts from the orchard
Or seeds that will grow
In the spring I'll be glad of
You surely will know

And seeds for the garden
I must have too as well
For my own private use
And a few more to sell
For I have got nothing
I raised home last year
So just send me the price
And the seeds you can spare

I must turn every penny
 I can for my bread
What I can't with my hands
 I must do with my head
I am sorry I have not
 Of plain stones a pack
To make me a hedge
 In the garden out back

Of course you will laugh
 When you read what I say
About setting out fruit trees
 In this late a day
There is an old saying
 That will last forever
A thing thats done late
 Is better than never

There's enough on this subject
 And too much by half
So I'll quit it and give you
 A good chance to laugh
I think I have answered
 Your letter all right
So now I will say
 We're not all well tonight

I have had a bad spell
 Of that pain in my head
And today I have spent
 The most time in my bed
But I'm better you'd say
 When you read what I write
Or I would not be scribbling
 Such nonsense tonight

And the whooping cough two
 Of the youngest have got
And they keep us awake
 Whether sleepy or not
And Evelyn too is
 Is complaining today
And who has not some aches .
 I am sure I can't say

But I think we shall all soon
 Get better all right
So I'll just take a snooze
 And I'll quit for tonight

TO DAVID BOWEN
(On the death of his wife)

'Tis idle words to say weep not
When dearest friends depart
Although we feel they've gone to rest
The parting rends the heart

But when we think a few short years
And we shall meet again
To live a higher better life
And never part again

It soothes the anguish of the heart
And helps the pangs to bear
Although we sadly miss her here
We know we'll meet her there

Then may this thought help you dear friend
Your bitter grief to bear
And soothe the anguish of your heart
To know you'll meet her there

I know she was your dearest friend
True loving, faithfull, kind
To know her was to love her well
Such friends how few we find

She's gone to rest not far away
She hovers around you still
To guard your footsteps day by day
And keep you from all ill

Then courage take my dearest friend
You soon will meet again
Where pain and sorrow never come
To never part again

WHO WILL LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD

Oh this world is sad and dreary
As the years go slowly bye
Bringing to me every token
That the end is drawing nigh
Oft alone I sit and ponder
O'er this life so dark and cold
And the question oft arrises
Who will love me when I'm old

Wrinkles deepen on my forehead
Snow flakes gather on my hair

Sight grows dim and limbs grow shaky
Sad result of age and care
I in yo th had friends a plenty
Now their love is growing cold
Who will care for me when feeble
Who will love me when I'm old

Had I one kind friend to cheer me
On my sad and lonely way
With her presence ever near me
Turning darkness into day
Such a friend would be more precious
To my heart than gems or gold
She would cheer my lonely pathway
She would love me when I'm old

BIRTHDAY

Upon your natal day dear friend
This friendships token I have penned
Although three score and ten are o'er
May you enjoy another score
With peace and happiness and health
And all that constitutes true wealth
And as each natal day goes round
With you may each joy abound
And bring to mind your absent friend
This friendship token who has penned

LONELINESS

Talk not to me of loneliness
When friends are kind and true
Although we're called to separate
And bid them all adieu
For when the time shall come to meet
The joy that fills each heart
Will more than pay the hours of grief
Since we with them did part

But when the ones we dearly love
Regardless of the pain
Departs and leaves no token that
We'll ever meet again
No kindly look, no pleasant word
To soothe the aching heart
But coldly leaves you without hope
Oh then 'tis hard to part

the first of these is the fact that the
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'Tis then we feel a loneliness
A sinking at the heart
An aching void we cannot fill
But must endure the smart
The keenest pang the heart can know
The most enduring pain
To give the love of all the heart
An not be loved again

MY DEAR OLD COAT

Thou dear old coat with which I've past
Through many a storm and wintry blast
I'll hang behind the door
Cold winters past and summer near
From cold I now have naught to fear
From snow or winters power

Thou'st served me long and served me well
Thy worth old coat I cannot tell
Thou wert my only friend
With thee I've trod the road of life
Wrapped in thee safe when storms were ripe
On thee I could depend

Thou art now much the worse of wear
With patches on thee here and there
With oft a rent or spot
But these mischances fell on thee
In the good cause of serving me
These marks of age thou'st got

Old friend think not these marks of wear
Will cause me for thee less to care
Thou art no summer friend
For thou art dearer far to me
Than gaudy silk could ever be
On thee I could depend

How different thou from men the while
The sun of fortune shines they smile
But let a cloud appear
They're off like shot thou art a warm
Kind hearted friend in every storm
With thee I need not fear

Farewell old friend but think thou not
That thou wilt ever be forgot
Through summer's sultry reign
When winter comes I'll come for you
And have thee cleaned and mended too
And put you on again

I'll trust thy friendship in the storm
For thou old friend will keep me warm
 Through winter storm and rain
Like me thou'st getting old and worn
By many a stray we have been torn
 But we'll not part again

TO E _____

When sickness and sorrow encompass thee around
And social companions no more can be found
When sorrow o'er shadows thy once loving heart
There is one who still loves thee wherever thou art

When summer friends vanish I thy charms shall decay
All all thy bright prospects have faded away
When all hope has vanished and sad is thy heart
There is one who still loves thee wherever thou art

When all thy bright fancies allure thee no more
And all thy past actions you stop to think o'er
There is one who will pity if you have a heart
For you'll know he has loved thee wherever thou art

Time surely will show you the wrong you are doing
And the hearts you have wrecked in the course your pursuing
God grant it may be ere our destinies part
May you love him who loves thee wherever thou art

JANUARY 12th

I am thinking today of the years that are past
And brought this day around in each year to the last
With a thought of remembrance by each of our race
Since so many events to this day we can trace

'Twas this day that our Father was born, records say
And married our Mother on this noted day
They also inform us a sister was born
And that our Father died on this day in the morn

One grandchild was married on the noted day
And what more has happened I'm sure I can't say
In the years that are past we have oft met together
And a good social time we have had with each other

But these times are all past we are passing away
And but few now remain to remember the day
But as long as I live as this day passes o'er
I will cherish kind thoughts of those dear friends of yore

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MY MOTHER'S RING

The gold was once my father's watch
 That made the little band
 'Twas made and lettered to be worn
 Upon my Mother's hand
 But ere she saw the precious gem
 She went to realms above
 I placed it on my finger then
 In token of her love

A brother saw the precious gem
 And cruel words he spoke
 I cast it from me Mother's ring
 Our friendship shall not break
 Let others wear the gem that will
 It has no charm for me
 I'll wear no gem to bring to mind
 The love she bore for me

My Mother's love so pure so kind
 Unselfish and so true
 When tempted in the path of crime
 I'm saved to think of you
 Though many years have passed away
 Since she was with us here
 There's not a moment I forget
 My gentle Mother dear

SPRING
 (A burlesque)

Ye poets may muse on thy beauties and sing
 Of thy buds and thy flowers and thy fragrance sweet spring
 Thy beautiful sunshine the dew on thy flowers
 The song of the birds as they sing in thy bowers

But what are such pleasures to me in my bed
 Over shadowed with blues and a pain in my head
 Every joint in my body seems pulling apart
 With not a bright prospect to cheer a sad heart

I must go to the office to see to the mail
 Or a package of seeds when I keep them for sell
 Then the cows are to milk and the pigs are to feed
 And the wood is to chop I must put in the seed

From the kitchen they call there's no flour or meat
 No sugar, tea, coffee to drink or to eat
 Not a dime in the pocket and worried to death
 Sick at heart and in body can scarce draw a breath

Then sing not of springtime unless it of course
Brings health to my body and dimes to my purse
And peace of mind give me and quiet that's all
To enjoy life in spring, winter, summer or fall

SPRING

Spring is coming bees are humming
In the fragrant air
Birds are singing bells are ringing
All is bright and fair

Flowers are blooming all perfuming
Nature all is bright
Tendrils twining bright sun shining
Shedding gold on light

Shady bowers summer flowers
Scattered o'er the plain
Dew drops glisten as we listen
To the summer rain

Singing birds lowing herds
Come with beautiful spring
Opening flowers summer showers
Summer months will bring

Yellow leaves golden sheaves
In the autumn day
Winter cold young and old
Dance the time away

HOME IS STILL HOME

Around my own fireside
I am sitting tonight
The fire on the hearth
Burning cheerfull and bright
No place on the earth
Is so pleasant to me
For home is still home
Although homely it be

Although I to a far distant
Country may roam
My thoughts wander back
To the pleasures of home
Then I sigh for the fireside
So pleasant to me
For home is still home
Although homely it be

Though passion and pleasure
 May charm me awhile
Or glittering gold
 May my moments beguile
Still the thoughts of that fireside
 Will still cling to me
For home is still home
 Although homely it be

There is no place on earth
 That to me is so dear
As the fireside my children
 Are clustering near
Then tempt me not from it
 'Tis heaven to me
For home is still home
 Although homely it be

Although poverty drive me
 To leave I must go
A lingering look
 On each loved one bestow
With a prayer that each loved one
 From harm may be free
For home is still home
 Although homely it be

My home is a cottage
 Surrounded by trees
Where flowers shed fragrance
 On each swelling breeze
But 'tis old and fast going
 To ruin like me
But home is still home
 Although homely it be

ON THE DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER

Adieu my dear daughter adieu for awhile
We shall soon meet again if kind providence smile
Then our sorrows will cease on that bright sunny shore
With our friends and our kindred who have gone on before

THE GRUMBLER

Oh who can imagine what plague and what bother
 To try to write verses to satisfy others
So varied their fancy no two can agree

What style or what subject good verses should be
 For instance the nation wants matter of fact
 Inclined to be pious from scandal intact
 While the W ss in her teens must have love an romance
 With rambles by moonlight and meeting by chance

The maiden of uncertain age let me see
 Mix equal parts gossip and scandal and tea
 The lady of fashion, praise, beautifull face
 The love of a bonnet, rings, diamonds and lace
 The soldier of skirmishes, battle and slaughter
 The sailor of daring deeds, done on the water
 The banker of gold and the broker of stocks
 The sportsman, fast horses the miner of rocks

The gunster, how easy his fortune is made
 The merchant of profit in barter and trade
 The runseller mixing his customers grog
 Of jolly good fellows as drunk as a hog
 The toper as homeward he staggers along
 If 'tis vulgar enough he is singing your song
 While the parson will say it is all very well
 If it talks about Heaven and warns you from hell

The farmer, green meadows and bright yellow grain
 The lady of flowers scattered over the plain
 The doctor, his drugs and the student, his books
 Of the swell you must talk of his exquisite looks
 Then how can we make up our verses to suit
 All grades from the great man down to the brute
 So I give up the problem and have no more bother
 I will just suit myself have no care for another

APPLE BLOSSOMS

I gave to her a bunch of flowers
 Of virgin apple blossoms
 One to adorn her auburn hair
 Another for her bosom
 Says she how sweet these flowers are
 She put one on her bosom
 The other in her auburn hair
 She pinned them lest she'd loose them

Says I they are not half so sweet
 As she who does them wear
 When she is loving, kind and true
 Says she now do take care
 The flowers are beautiful to me
 When she for me will wear them
 But if she spurns them from my hand
 I'll into pieces tear them

Dollars and Dimes

I've been thinking today of what absolute sway,
 In these hard and unreasonable times,
 Of so simple a thing as the clear pleasant ring
 Of the powerful Dollars and Dimes.

No power so strong can compete with its song,
 Against the bright ring and the chimes:
 It holds a full sway and will carry the day,
 The ring of the Dollars and Dimes.

If an office you crave, you can scarcely it have;
 Although hard for the poor are the times;
 If your purse is replete, you can never be beat,
 If you "shell out" the Dollars and Dimes

At the bar you appear, your guilt is quite clear,
 There are plenty will list to the chimes,
 That their memories will brighten, till they can enlighten
 The jury, for Dollars and Dimes.

Though arrested and tried, ere the case they decide,
 You need have no fears of the times;
 You will surely get clear, if your best friends are near,
 The powerful Dollars and Dimes.

Though in prison you lie and are likely to die,
 No matter how great are your crimes;
 Though your fate may be sealed, it may yet be appealed,
 If you've plenty of Dollars and Dimes.

But the want of the ring of this powerful thing,
 Has sent good men to prison sometimes;
 And there they may lie, to languish and die,
 For the want of the Dollars and Dimes.

May the day come again when the powerful reign
 Of the ring, and the chink, and the chimes,
 May be shorn of their might and be used for the right,
 These powerful Dollars and Dimes

A DOLLAR OR TWO

Ye poets may sing of the power of dimes,
 And call their possession the greatest of crimes
 But tell me, without them what good could we do?
 I'm sure I'd be glad of a dollar or two.

In the shop you see something you really desire,
 A present for wife you have oft wished to buy her;
 You feel in your pockets, what more can you do?
 In hopes you may there find a dollar or two.

You go to the resturant for a square meal,
Your stomach is empty quite hungry you feel
Your pockets are empty it makes you feel blue
How then would you a fancy a dollar or two.

You are sick and discouraged and likely to die
You call in the doctor as he passes bye
You want his advice and his medicine toc
But he is in want of a dollar or two

Your lawyer will tell you your case is quite clear
He'll soon get you free, you have nothing to fear
When he pockets the fee he's expecting from you
But you languish in jail for a dollar or two

Your wife will be asking for money to buy
Some nice little thing she may have in her eye
Your children want clothing but what can you do
If you are not possessed of a dollar or two

Then may it be ever my fortune to hold
A few precious dollars in Silver or Gold
For in this hard world it is pleasant to view
The bright, shining face of a dollar or two.

All men seek to win it the root of all evil
It makes some a Heaven, ~~sands~~ some to the Devil
Yet 'tis pleasant to hear, as we pass the world through
The ring and the chink of a dollar or two

WILL THEY MISS ME

Will they miss me at home will they miss me,
When I am laid low on my bier?
Will they silently gather around me
And drop on my coffin a tear?

Will they miss me around the home fireside,
When the shadows of night o'er them creep:
When the children retire to their slumbers,
Will they miss me to watch o'er their sleep?

When the children return to the Homestead
Will they miss me around the lone hearth;
When they think of the one that is absent,
Will a shadow come over their mirth

Will they think of the words I have spoken
And say he was always our friend
And altho he was plain and outspoken
He loved us each one to the end

Will they kindly look over my actions
And say, though his faults were not few,
He never intended to wrong us,
His heart was still loving and true?

Will they say tho he never was happy
He still loved his children and wife
And true friends whenever he found them
To him they were all in his life

Will they use all my faults as a beacon
To steadily guide their own barque
And shun all the rocks I have wrecked on
Though the way may be stormy and dark?

'Tis enough, if they know all my actions
Were prompted for ultimate good;
And if I have failed in my purpose,
I have done for them all that I could.

MY CHILDREN

I have watched o'er my children
For many long years
I have toiled for their comfort
Through sorrow and tears

I have watched by their cradle
I have watched by their bed
And over their slumbers
Sad tears I have shed

When prostrate by sickness
My children and wife
Has always been foremost
With me in this life

Till my children have grown
To be women and men
And left the old cottage
Where long they have been

They have wandered away
And each built a new cot
And the old ruined homestead
They all have forgot

And I have grown feeble
And wrinkled and gray
And weary of life
I shall soon pass away

But it matters not now
As they need not my care
They have left me alone
My sad burden to bear

And the old ruined cottage
They seldom come near
To light by their presence
The loneliness there

But they know not how sad
Is my heart as I roam
Around the old cottage
That once was their home

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Or how lonely to me
 When the days work is done
To return to the cottage
 Deserted and lone

I shall patiently wait
 For the time draweth near
When I too shall leave
 The old cottage so dear

My friends will then say
 It is all for the best
Death has freed him from sorrow
 He has gone to his rest

FIFTY YEARS AGO
(Written about 1880)

I dreamed I was a boy again
 And by my mother's knee
I listened to the fervent prayer
 She offered up for me

Again I saw my childhood home
 The place that gave me birth
With friends and kindred gathered round
 The old familar hearth

The bible lay upon the stand
 Just as it used to do
When I was in my childhood home
 Just fifty years ago

The old Dutch clock hung on the wall
 The cupboard too was there
The pictures on the mantle piece
 And Mother's old arm chair

Again I wandered through the woods
 Where oft in childhood hours
I've wandered forth to gather nuts
 Or call the fragrant flowers

I wandered o'er the meadows too
 Where berries used to grow
'Twas just the same as when a boy
 Just Fifty years ago

The orchard too where oft I've sat
 To watch the busy bee
'Twas just the same the bees were there
 Just as they used to be

The barn the corn house and the spring
Where oft in Summer's day
I've knelt beside to get a drink
When tired of boyish play

The golf lot where I drove the cows
As I to school did go
To learn to read my alphabet
Just fifty years ago

Ah me that was a happy dream
That dream of childhood hours
When all the thorns of life were gone
And left the brightest flowers

But those bright days will no more come
While I on earth remain
My childhood home my early friends
I'll never see again

A few more years of toil and strife
Ere I am called to go
To meet those friends I loved so well
Just fifty years ago

ON THE PLAINS JULY 31st 1851

(On asking my son W.E. Johnson who was born on the plains how old he was, 1879, I just thought I was 28 years old when he was born.)

I'm 28, twenty-eight years old he said
What visions fill my mind
Of travels on the desert plain
Tornadoes, storms and wind
We had traveled many weary days
Upon the Desert Plain
When for refreshments we had stopped
Our little pilgrim train

A little stream went rippling bye
The grass around was green
It seemed to us the brightest spot
For many days we'd seen
But hark the rifle crack I hear
That lays the bison low
And soon we feast upon the hump
Of the fated buffalo

But now the sun declining west
Foretells we must be gone
But hark I hear a women's moan
As we are left alone
An hour goes by another hour
And yet we here remain

Oh glorious news a child is born
Upon the desert plain

And once again we're on our way
To over take the rest
But Oh what visions fill the eye
Extending east and west
The Bison gathered on the plain
In millions, what a sight
And as we traveled on our way
They parted left and right

Now as the shades of night appear
Upon a distant flat
The cheerfull camp fires we behold
Upon the River Platte
With joy again we meet our friends
Around the camp fire blaze
And late at night, retire to rest
To dream of better days

But Oh that night the wind arose
The rain in torrents fell
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed
More fierce than words can tell
The child and mother with the rest
Were drenched in every fold
And yet he lives to tell the tale
I'm twenty-eight years old

Since then the years that's past have made
Deep wrinkles on my brow
My hair is gray, my sight is dim
I seem an old man now
But oft I think upon the time
The story I have told
When I was young and in my prime
Just twenty-eight years old

GOOD BYE

It is lonesome I know
As I look through the town
With scarcely a hoodlum
Or bummer around
The whiskey saloon
Is now labeled to let
On the steps of the store
There are few now to set

No drunkards we see
As we pass up the street
To swagger and swear
And insult all they meet

The town is so quiet
 'Tis lonesome you see
 But this is the kind
 Of a lonesome for me

The path o'er the square
 Up to where it once stood
 Is growing to weeds
 It is seldom now trod
 The old whiskey bummers
 Stand around on the street
 In hopes to meet someone
 With whiskey to treat

They have our good wishes
 That they very soon
 Will follow their idol
 The whiskey saloon
 And leave us as lonesome
 As lonesome can be
 For this is the kind
 Of a lonesome for me

Now we hope for the day
 When our women can walk
 On the street without hearing
 Profane, vulgar talk
 Or being insulted
 By vile drunken men
 Who used to be seen
 At the whiskey saloon

It has gone from our gaze
 Like the visions of night
 If we never again
 Should behold it all right
 If the toppers all follow
 It lonesome would be
 But this is the kind
 Of a lonesome for me

FASHION. THE LADY OF THE PERIOD

Oh, what a state the world is in, and still is getting worse;
 With pride and fashion bearing rule, society's great curse;
 You meet a lady on the street, O don't she put on airs,
 It took eighteen or twenty yards to make the dress she wears.

'Tis trimmed with ruffles, tucks and frills, with ribbons and
 with lace;
 And over all she wears a coat that any swell would grace;
 The jaunty had upon her head with flowers is laden down,
 And underneath she wears a braid that fills a magic crown.

And O the jewels that she wears of gold would break a bank;
You gaze upon her and you think: "a lady sure, of rank:"
But list awhile and hear her talk, you soon will change your mind;
She to the lower class belongs, you by her talk will find.

She meets a lady on the street "Good morning Mrs. S.,
It seems an age since last we met, Oh what a splendid dress!
'Tis green the very shade I love; and what a splendid fit!
Pray tell me where you found the goods, I must have one like it!"

She passes on; the next she meets is "dearest Mrs. J.,
O dear, I'm glad we meet again, pray how are you today?
Oh what a lovely dress, my dear, did you meet Mrs. S?
I met her, just a moment since, in such a horrid dress!

In such a suit, upon the street I never would be seen,
The style and fashion ages old, and, would you think it green!"
And thus she flatters every one, with vanity and lies,
When out of sight, the next she meets, the last she'll criticise.

But when at home the scene has changed extravagance and dress,
With pride and fashion, have consumed domestic happiness.
Now if such women still must move in good society,
Good, honest wives will soon become a thing that used to be.

She talks of Charley, Pete or Ned, at the saloon she's met
And of the jolly times she's had with all the jolly set
And as for modesty and grace, the words are obsolete
She'll laugh and gossip, talk and jeer with hoodlums on the street.

And if a husband she has got, He's with the brats no doubt
Where all such useless things should be,
He's nothing but a lout and only fit to stay at home;
And see that all is right and furnish money for her purse
And tend the brats at night.

But if her husband in disgust has left and she is free
The children go in dirt and rags, a wretched sight to see
She'll take a jaunt upon the cars to see the sights sh'll say
And if she goes without escort, she'll find it by the way.

She's Brass enough to introduce herself in any place
To Doctors, Lawyers, Judges all and thinks it no disgrace
So smilingly she talks of Moll, and pet names all her chums
But don't she give her husband fits, when ere he near her comes.

Now if such women are allowed in good society
Good honest wives will soon become a thing that used to be
The picture is not over drawn, you'll see her on the street
At the saloon at whiskey dene, where hoodlums often meet.

TO MY LADY FRIENDS

Dear friends for the favor so kind you've rendered
In sending the quilt blocks I had asked of each one
I can do nothing more when my thanks I have tendered
To repay you the favor so kindly you've done

When I thought of the whim and determined to try it
I very much feared that my friends were but few
And I did not believe I would get enough by it
To make up a quilt with the best I could do

But soon they were coming one after another
Until I had more than was needed for one
And still they are coming now this is the bother
There must be none left when the quilt shall be done

A happy thought strikes me I'll put them together
And make up another the best I can do
And when I shall see them I'll ever remember
I had plenty of friends when I thought there so few.

May God bless you all who have thought of me kindly
May happiness ever your pathway attend
For the token you've sent me will ever remind me
Of those who still claim the dear title of friend.

THE OLD DINNER HORN

How well I remember the home of my childhood
That bright sunny spot where I first saw the light
The orchard, the meadow, the fields and the wildwood
No spot on the earth could be to me so bright
How oft I have wandered o'er fields and o'er meadows
To gather the flowers wet with dew of the morn
And list to the song of the lark and the robin
Until called to return by the old dinner horn.

How well I remember each tree in the orchard
Each shrub and each flower in the garden that grew
The well and the spring and the brick yard near by it
And the meadow bedecked with the bright morning dew
And the bees when they swarmed O what din and what clatter
To cause them to light on the old apple thorn
What ringing of bells and what dashing of water
And the sweetest of music, the old dinner horn.

How well I remember the path through the golf lot
Which oft I have followed in going to school
To drive off the cows and to leave in pasture
Until I was relieved from the rod and the rule

To scatter the hay I would go to the meadow
 Or ride on old Katy to plow out the corn
 Or pile up the brush in the clearing and burn it
 Till I'd hear the sweet sound of the old dinner horn.

Since then I have listened to strains of sweet music
 The sweetest that nature or art could produce
 The song of the birds, the harp organ, or viol
 The sweetest of singing, but then 'tis no use
 To compare with the notes that I heard in my childhood
 On that bright sunny spot in the place I was born
 Give me back the sweet strains of that dear cherished music
 My mother to blow it, the old Dinner Horn.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES
 (To JES)

Of the signs of the times I am thinking tonight
 And I'm prompted to take up my pencil and write
 And as you in your letter have flattered my muse
 I'll dedicate to you my thoughts if you choose
 When I was a lad many long years ago
 A prophet and seer lived near by as you know
 Who told us the time was then nearly at hand
 When death and destruction should visit the land

When famine and pestilence, sorrow and pain
 Should come to the earth and have absolute reign
 But the Saints should be gathered away in the west
 Where they should be sheltered, protected and blessed
 Till the night should be past and the dawn should appear
 That would open to us the Millennial year
 The wise men now tell us the time has now come
 When earth is beginning to meet her sad doom

The plague is now raging in the east and the north
 And thousands on thousands are swept from the earth
 And famine and pestilence stalk through the land
 And war and destruction are nearly at hand
 That the next seven years dire destruction will reign
 Then joy will revisit the earth once again
 But they say that the land we inhabit will be
 From death and destruction by far the most free

And there is an old book that we all used to read
 And our mother oft taught us its precepts to heed
 In that book we are told that there would be a time
 When the earth would be cleansed from corruption and crime
 That the Saints to the tops of the mountains would flee
 Where They for a time from the scourge would be free

That war and commotion would stalk through the land
And famine and pestilence go hand in hand

Till the wicked were slain and the earth became pure
Then the saints would go forth and enjoy it once more
Now the prophet, he told us God sent him to preach
And to this generation these principles teach
By science the wise men have learned what they know
On the map of the Heavens it plainly doth show
The book gives tradition some thousand years old
All tell the same tale as plain as can be told.

Now what shall we think, is it really the case
That we all these scourges must meet face to face
That the Prophet of old and the one of our youth
And the wise men have all of them told us the truth?
Then we surely must all be prepared for the worst
For the earth has by some power been surely accursed
Then the best we can do is to stay where we are
And for all these scourges ourselves to prepare.

SIX LITTLE GRAVES

(Six children died of Diphtheria out of one family, Henry Young, in less than a month.)

Six little graves lay side by side
All from one Mother's fold
In one short month they have died
And laid beneath the mould
How much of grief a heart can bear
This Mother well may know
By deaths cold, icy hand to lay
Them in the grave so low.

There is a hope for those who weep
For friends who've gone before
To meet them in a brighter land
Where parting is no more
Where death and sorrow never come
To mar our happiness
Where love and peace and joy abound
In one eternal bliss

Then may this hope inspire your heart
And help you bear the pain
To know the loss to you so great
To then is only gain
That when your earthly work is done
And all your trials o'er
You then will meet your mates again
Where parting is no more.

FOUR LITTLE GRAVES

I saw them lay him in his grave
Three others by his side
The earth was damp upon them all
So lately they had died

The grief that wrung the parents hearts
No human tongue can tell
As earth upon the coffin lid
In solemn measure fell

The fountains of the heart was closed
From tears to give relief
But bravely did they struggle with
Their sad and bitter grief

Four little buds have drooped and died
Ere they were in their bloom
To blossom in a brighter land
Where death can never come

This is the only hope that we
Can cherish in our grief
And if we truly cherish it
'Twill surely give relief

A VALENTINE

No gaudy, tinsel'd Valentine
Have I to offer thee
Nor will I give thee honeyed words
Of foolish flattery
Nor talk of cupid's wiles and arts
As others often do
But plainly tell thee of the love
I ever bear for you

'Tis not a childish love to change
With every fault I see
For when I see your faults I know
You bear with faults from me
Our faults have caused me sad regrets
And many bitter tears
But never makes my love grow less
It strengthens with my years

Some love an angel, deer or duch
Such things I know is common
But such would never do for me
I love you as a woman

To be the hope the joy the light
 That shines within our dwelling
 Or blight my life and cause me pain
 And sorrow beyond telling.

Then may we overcome each word
 Or action causing pain
 And try to live a better life
 And happy be again
 And may each future year increase
 Our hope our joy and peace
 And lessen sorrow toil and pain
 And happiness increase.

MY 57th BIRTHDAY

How swiftly do the years go by
 With all their toil and care?
 They leave their furrows on my brow
 And frost upon my hair
 Another year has past away
 And I am fifty-seven
 I've one year less on earth to toil
 And one year nearer Heaven.

My friends of youth I loved so well
 Are leaving one by one
 And I must follow in my turn
 When all my work is done
 A few more years at best to me
 Can to this life be given
 Then I shall meet my early friends
 And dwell with them in Heaven.

MORMON CREED

Oh how the times have changed since I
 Was but a boy at home
 When Joseph used to talk to us
 And tell of things to come
 He gave to us this good advice
 That we should always heed
 And treasure up within our hearts
 'Twas called the Mormon Creed

'Twas mind your business every one
 With others never meddle
 And what you hear in street or hall
 Besure you do not peddle

He told of trials that we all
 Were certain to endure

To bring our hearts to serve the Lord
His blessings to secure
He told us to be kind and true
To sister and to brother
And always give a helping hand
To lift up one another

Chorus

The times have altered much since then
And everything has changed
The people go about the street
As if they were deranged
To gather news from house to house
To peddle in the street
And always have some shocking news
To tell to those they meet

And other peoples business mind
With them they do not meddle
And what they hear in street or hall
They magnify and peddle

They go about from house to house
Defaming every neighbor
Enlarging every fault instead
Of doing honest labor
They always have some shocking news
Some man or woman's failing
To magnify and go about
This dreadfull news retailing

Chorus

Mrs. Gossip calls on so and so
No, No, I cannot stay
I've just called in to see if you
Had heard the news today
'Tis terrible to think of it
But then I know 'tis true
'Twas told to me a secret
But I don't mind telling you

Chorus

They gather in some neighbors house
And spend the live long day
To scandalize some neighbor that
Per chance may be away

They magnify each failing of
Each sister or each brother
And never think 'tis worth their while
To lift up one another

CHOROUS:

PROLOGUE

(This has been read in public several times and seemed to give satisfaction)

Dear Friends I am happy to meet with you here
To see your bright faces, your voices to hear
And to know you are trying yourselves to prepare
To carry the burden you'll soon have to bear

This burden we have borne through the heat of the day
Till the years on our heads show we're passing away
When we lie down to rest on your shoulder s 'twill lie
And the time will be short for the end draweth nigh

For your kind thoughts of me I am thankfull indeed
You have asked me before you a burlesque to read
Then may you derive from it good in the end
For I would not be less to you all than a friend

BURLESQUE

Oh come on my boys to the steps of the store
We have now a large crowd but there's still room for more
We want to enlist everyone that we can
And we'll find you all something to do to a man
We want some to whittle the steps of the store
And stare at each woman that passes the door
And make slight remarks as she goes in and out
And what does not concern them to try to find out

Then out on the street we shall want a few more
To stand around idly in front of the store
And watch every person that goes up or down
And find out the business of all in the town
Then we want a few more around to each house to go
And tell everything they can guess at or know
Concerning each citizen, woman or man
And do all the mischief to others they can

Then we want a few boys every night to go around
And throw rocks at houses and tear fences down
And make the night hideous with yells and with noise
For this is the use that we have for the boys
And especially each Sunday night they must make
All the noise in their power to keep people awake

Till the small hours of night, then to steal away home
To see if their parents from hunting have come

Then we want a few women both cunning and wise
To go through the settlement telling their lies
And stir up contention and discord and strife
For in such a town it will give it new life
There is one thing remaining to make it complete
A grog shop some women must start on the street
To deal out bad whiskey bad morals as well
Then the town will be ready to slide into Hell

REALITY

At the schoolhouse below on each Saturday night
The young folks all gather who wish to do right
To learn to be moral and honest and wise
To shun all bad habits contention and lies

They will tell you to shun all your chums on the street
No more on the storesteps or corners to meet
But study good books and find pleasure at home
And learn to be wise when you older have grown

They will tell you to always be true to each other
Be true to yourselves to your father and mother
They will tell you to honor your parents and then
They'll be proud of their sons when they come to be men

They will tell you to shun all contention and strife
To shun bad companions and lead a new life
To be kind to the poor and to all in distress
It will make home a Heaven it cannot do less

They will tell the young ladies to ever be true
Be faithful and kind in whatever you do
Do in actions and words all the good that you can
And you'll get for a husband some good honest man

There is one thing remaining to make it complete
A schoolhouse and meeting house built on the street
They will bring the fulfillment of promises given
And you will not go far to find you a heaven

There are two paths before you, in one you must go
One leads to dishonor, perdition and woe
The other will lead you to honor and fame
And among honest people an untarnished name

MY MOTHER

Oh how my heart yearns for a Mother's caresses
 As when in my childhood by sickness laid low
 When she swept my wan face with her dark silver tresses
 And printed a kiss on my feverish brow
 How firm and untiring she watched by my pillow
 Till the long weary night with it's shadow had flown
 And the day God assended o'er mountain and billow
 And releaved her night vigils so patiently borne

How kind was her accents , how gentle her chiding
 How sweet was her smile and how fervant her prayer
 Her love so unselfish so pure and abiding
 How patient her toiling how watchfull her care
 The love of a mother abideth forever
 To cling to the heart when all other have flown
 In all of earth's trials forget it no, never
 No love like a Mother's love ever was known

PRAYER

We thank thee Oh God for the spring time
 That spreads the green leaves on the trees
 And scatters bright verdure around us
 And fragrance on each swelling breeze

We thank thee for beautifull summer
 That scatters the flowers on the plain
 And brings gentle zeffers to fan us
 And gives us bright sunshine and rain

We thank thee for fruit laden autumn
 The season of harvest and toil
 When we lay up in store all the riches
 We have gained by the fruits of the soil

We thank thee for stern hoary winter
 The season that nature must steep
 And lay up the snow in the mountains
 That again we a harvest may reap

We thank thee that Thou hast provided
 A place for thy children to hide
 While the secourges pass over the nations
 Who will not thy counsel abide

We thank thee for every blessing
 So bounteously scattered around
 Oh may we in meeknes receive them
 And serving thee ever be found

AS MERRY AS A SCHOOL GIRL

(This was suggested while in the garden hoeing cabbage, on hearing a little girl on her way to school singing very merrily)

As merry as a school girl
 I have often heard them say
But I never knew its meaning
 Until this very day
I saw her going down the street
 With satchel on her arm
And oh the merry song she sang
 It did my senses charm

It told me that her heart was light
 It told me she was free
From all the cares and ills of life
 That haunted those like me
It minded me of by gone years
 When I was but a child
With heart as free and just as light
 And spirits just as wild

When I like her was off to school
 With satchel on my arm
With not a care to grieve the heart
 But everything to charm
But Oh those days are long since past
 And life is nearly o'er
But oft I think of those bright days
 That will return no more

CHILDHOOD

Oh don't you remember the home of our childhood
 That bright sunny spot where we first saw the light
Where oft we have wandered o'er fields and o'er wild wood
 No spot on the earth could to me be so bright

Oh don't you remember the dear old brown cottage
 The kitchen, the square room, the bed room and all
The well at the door and the orchard near by it
 The garden, the barn and the corn house and all

Oh don't you remember the old dingy school house
 With benches and desks all defaced with the knife
Where we learned the first lessons in reading and spelling
 That has marked out the way we have followed through life

Oh don't you remember the old kitchen fire place
 Where oft we have met when our day's work was done
With brothers and sisters and friends we loved dearly
 To pass off the evening with all sorts of fun

Oh don't you remember our dear loving Mother
 Who watched o'er our childhood so loving and true
 Our father, our mother, our sisters and brothers
 And every bright token our infancy know

Altho long years have past and I've far from them wandered
 Yet often in fancys bright dream I am there
 When bright rays of happiness over me lingers
 As I gaze with delight on the vision so fair

COME HOME

(This was written 1881 or 1882)

As I sit by the fire I am dreaming tonight
 Of the years past away that were happy and bright
 When friends, wife and children and all that are dear
 Around the old fireside were clustering near
 O how changed is the scene I am sitting alone
 Except the two children all others are gone
 It is late and I'm lonely oh where can they be
 Come home Oh come home to the children and me

Oh why will they leave the old cottage all day
 The night is fast waning they still are away
 The children are weary and gone to their bed
 I wish Mother would come, many times they have said
 I have toiled all the day till I'm weary and sad
 With no one to cheer me or make my heart glad
 But I'll watch o'er my children altho lonely it be
 Come home Oh come home to the children and me

Oh how vain are the hopes and dreams of this life
 Oh how dearly I've loved them, my children and wife
 And the friends I have cherished believed them true
 They have faded away like the bright morning dew
 Oh how fondly I've hoped that this fate would be mine
 That friends would surround me in lifes sad decline
 That peace and contentment my fortune would be
 Come home Oh come home to the children and me

FASHION

There was a time in by gone years
 That I remember well
 When fashion, pride and haughtiness
 In Utah did not dwell
 When women spun and wove and made
 The garments that they wore
 And when they knew what they had cost
 They were enjoyed the more

A neat plain dress of homespun then
 Was worn by one and all
 And always was thought good enough
 For meetings or for ball
 Their God gave them then they wore
 With neatness and with grace
 And never thot a switch or braid
 Was needed in its place

Stays were not worn or bustles then
 She was no fashions slave
 But every woman doted on
 The form her maker gave
 The home her husband shared with her
 Bedecked with native flowers
 With husband children and with friends
 She spent her leisure hours

Her husbands love was all she asked
 To him she freely gave
 The treasure of a woman's love
 To last beyond the grave
 But times have altered much since then
 The noisy spinning wheel
 That used to turn the wool to yarn
 Has vanished like the reel

The loom that used to make the cloth
 Its noise we hear no more
 And all the clothe we have to wear
 We buy them at the store
 Since fashion has been introduced
 To make a woman's dress
 They must have twenty yards at least
 They cannot do with less

And then the trimming she must have
 Is really not a few
 They put at least ten times the work
 On it they used to do
 The hair she wears is like her heart
 False, fickle and untrue
 Likewise the jewelry she wears
 Which sparkles like the dew

The love she bears her husband now
 Is measured by his purse
 And from its contents to her wants
 He is willing to disburse
 She has a smile for all she meets
 As she goes up or down
 Except her husband and for him
 She always wears a frown

YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodee is the tune
Some Yankee chap invented
To sing on Independence day
And make us feel contented
Now Independence Day has come
As many have before us
We'll sing again the good old tune
And all may join the chorus

Yankee Doodle is the tune
The Mormons find so handy
To sing on Independence Day
Old Yankee Doodle Dandy

The Mormons are a jolly set
They come from every nation
Every country, every clime
In all this broad creation
They all believe in serving God
Just as they are a mind to
And marry one wife, two or three
Just as they feel inclined to

CHORUS:

They all believe that Washington
The founder of the Nation
Was called of God to do that work
And led by inspiration
They think the laws our fathers made
Are what they well intended
They've stood the test a hundred years
And need not be amended

CHORUS:

There are some fellows now so smart
They've got it in their noodle
That Mormon boys can take the lead
In playing Yankee Doodle
So they are trying very hard
To bust the institution
By tearing up old Seventy-six
And change the constitution

CHORUS:

Then let us our own business mind
That is the Mormon Creed sir
And when the race is run they'll find
The Mormons in the lead sir

Then let them marshall all their force
We'll show the whole caboodle
That we are loyal citizens
To the tune of Yankee Doodle

CHORUS:

THE LAST APPLE BLOSSOM.

'Tis the last apple blossom
Left blooming alone
All its lovely companions
Are faded and gone
No flower of its kindred
Remain to be found
They are faded away
And lie scattered arround

I'll not leave thou lone one
To fade on the tree
Where thy beauty and fragrance
All wasted would be
So fondly I'll pluck thee
And bear thee away
Where thy beauty shall fade
In a fragrant boquet

OUR BOYHOOD FRIENDS ARE DYING

Our boyhood friends are dying
Yes one by one they go
The most of them are lying
Beneath the sod so low
They are resting from their labors
The friends we loved so well
Along the road we've traveled
Their mouldering bodies dwell

We sigh to see them leaving
And sinking in the grave
We've known them from our boyhood
Their hearts were true and brave
The good old friends we've cherished
From boyhoods early day
How can we help but shed a tear
To see them pass away

A few of them still wander
Along lifes dreary way
But one by one they're leaving
And passing fast away

And soon death's icy hand
Will touch each heart so brave
And sink each friend of boyhood
Into a silent grave

And thus doth time draw wrinkles
Where youths' bright smile has played
The stars of hope scarce twinkle
Ere they begin to fade
We too are growing older
Our locks are mixed with gray
Ere many winters more
We too shall pass away

Then let us up and do
And battle in the strife
To finish up our mission
And do our part of life
That when our work is ended
We'll know it is well done
That we may rest in peace
With all our friends who 've gone

THE SURPRISE PARTY

The evening has passed off in pleasure and fun
We have had a good time is the vote of each one
We have sung we have danced we have preached we have prayed
And many a joke on each other we've played
Of the daintiest food we have all had our fill
And plenty of liquor from nature's pure still
We have thrown off our cares and our hearts have been light
And we all have been merry and happy tonight

We have met we have parted like sister and brother
And the tie is made stronger that binds to each other
Thus may it be still when we meet and we part
Till the tie becomes strong that entwines around the heart
Till we learn that we cannot be happy alone
That we must have a place in each heart for each one
And the stronger the tie the more happy we'll be
Until we become as one great family

MY BRAVE STEED

(A faithful old mare that served me over 20 years and died when
over 22 years old)

Brave steed at last thy work is done

No more thy nimber feet
Will amble o'er the pastures green
So gracefull and so fleet
Thou hast borne me many a weary mile
Upon thy sturdy back
And always been my hope and stay
Upon the desert track

Thou hast been ever brave and true
Thy courage did not flee
And when my life endangered was
Thou hast been true to me
When danger lurked along my path
Thou fleetness bore me through
Well could I trust my faithfull steed
For thou wert tried and true

Thou hast served me well for many years
Through many dangers passed
But age came on and cruel death
Has cut thee down at last
No more I'll mount my noble steed
No more I'll danger dare
For I like thee am growing old
Thy fate I soon will share

ARIZONA

The home I long have cherished is home no more for me
I'm weary of its toiling its want and misery
There is a better home I know
Where trees bear fruit and crops will grow
Away in Arizona O thats the land for me

For many years I've labored while youth and strength were mine
To try to lay up something to use in lifes decline
But all is gone and I am poor
To drive the grim wolf from my door
I'll go to Arizona oh thats the land for me

The years are growing on me and times are harder still
I meet with many a jostle in going down the hill
But yet I'll try while life remain
To make a happy home again
Away in Arizona oh thats the land for me

Then come dear friends and kindred and let us leave this land
And find a better country to colonize our band
With better climate better soil
Were we can reap the fruits of toil
Away in Arizona oh thats the land for me

THE MILLENNIUM

This world is not so bad a world
As many people take it
'Tis just as good and just as bad
As we poor mortals make it

If all the people in this world
Would do unto each other
As each would like to have them do
And treat each like a brother

This world would then be full of joy
And sorrow would be banished
And hatred would be turned to love
And all our troubles vanished

The time that now is spent in crime
Would then be spent in labor
And each one then would be as rich
And happy as his neighbor

The time that's spent in hunting crime
The time that's spent to do it
The time that's spent to punish crime
And all that's wasted through it

If it was spent in honest toil
And doing good to others
We'd all be rich and all be wise
And live like honest brothers

One half the world now follow crime
For wealth or pride or passion
The other half with honest toil
Support them in that fashion

It will be thus until the day
Of final separation
The wicked then will be destroyed
The righteous rule the nation

THE OLD HOME

I have toiled many years on this small spot of ground
In the hope to raise something to last the year round
To lay by for winter my children to feed
But have never as yet raised the worth of my seed

I have plowed I have Harrowed I've planted and sowed
And many a day I have watered and hoed

I have toiled all the summer and when in the fall
 I have looked for my crop there was nothing at all

For the land is so poor and the water so low
 That the earth would get hard and the crops would not grow
 So I get for my toil very little or none
 And I always must buy what I ought to have grown

Then there is my orchard the largest in town
 I have often been tempted to cut the trees down
 They blossom to make me believe that they will bear
 When I look for the fruit in the fall there's none there

In the spring all the fruit by the frost will be killed
 And the land is so poor 'tis not fit to be tilled
 So I toil all the summer for nothing at all
 And must buy what I want to lay bye in the fall

TIME IS PRECIOUS

Time is precious use it wisely
 Idle not the hours away
 Years are made of little moments
 Grasp and use them while you may
 Time is fleeting every moment
 Let some noble deed be done
 When 'tis past 'tis gone forever
 Years are flying one by one

Every moment there is something
 That your hands may find to do
 That will lighten someones burden
 And a blessing bring to you
 There are always those around you
 That may need your help or care
 Sinking hearts are always near you
 For the poor are everywhere

Feed the hungry clothe the needy
 Kindness to the poor is part
 Gentle words that cost you nothing
 Often raise the sinking heart
 Never falter in well doing
 Labor with your hands and brain
 Kind Words spoken to the erring
 Sometimes bring them back again

When the years of life are numbered
 And your sun is nearly set
 Leave no stains in life behind you
 That will cause you sad regret

Let your life be spent in doing
Good to all and harm to none
That you calmly may resign it
Knowing all has been well done

THE SURPRIZE PARTY

'Tis pleasant to meet with our sisters and brothers
And friends for awhile to converse with each other
To throw off all cares and be children again
For awhile to let pleasure and happiness reign
To pass off an evening in joke or in song
Or in innocent sport that will make the heart young
To dance or to sing and to feast when we will
There is pleasure about it I dearly love still

Though time has made wrinkles that makes me less fair
And snowflakes are scattered all over my hair
Tho- my sight may be dim and my limbs growing cold
Yet the heart is still young when the body is old
Then away with dull care let us live while we live
And enjoy every pleasure life to us can give
Let us toil when we should bear our sorrow and pain
But often find time to be children again

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Dear Mother we are happy to meet here again
Neath the old cottage roof where so oft we have been
In pleasure and joy may the time pass away
And may it be to you a happy birthday

We have thrown away care a few moments to come
Our kindred to meet in the old cottage home
Then let us have joy while together we stay
May happiness reign on our Mothers birthday

May pleasure and happiness fill every heart
And each in the joy of the evening take part
In the years that may come tho- we've wandered away
May each one remember our Mothers birthday

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT THE CHILDREN

What is home without the children
Pratling round the cottage hearth
With their eyes forever beaming
Full of laughter joy and mirth
Golden hair in ringlets flowing
On a neck of pearly white

Tinny fingers bent on mischief
 Never still from morn till night

Without children home is lonely
 How we miss their noisy mirth
 How we miss their noisy footsteps
 Crowding round our lonely hearth
 How we miss their noisy prattle
 How we miss their childish glee
 How we miss their fond caresses
 As they sit upon our knee

When the evening shadows gather
 And our daily toil is oer
 How we miss their noisy greeting
 At our humble cottage door
 Heaven bless our darling children
 Though they need our constant care
 They will be the brightest jewels
 In the crown we hope to wear

SWEET ROSE

(Found in October after the frosts have killed everything.)

Sweet rose in thy fragrance and beauty I found thee
 Where all thy dear kindred had faded away
 When cold dreary winter was hovering around thee
 And frost on thy petals like diamonds did play

Sweet rose I'll not leave thee to pine in thy beauty
 And wither and die by the frost in a day
 I'll take thee where kind gentle hands will caress thee
 And nurse thee to life till thy leaves drop away

THE HOODLUMS

The hoodlums are about to night
 I hear them on the square
 I know them by their vulgar talk
 I hear them curse and swear
 I hear their whistle and their yell
 That tells the place to meet
 And woe unto the luckless lass
 Who is late upon the street

And woe unto the fences near
 They'll lay them low tonight
 And woe unto the window panes
 Where 'ere they see a light
 Distruction follows in their path
 And danger lingers near
 To any female who may dare
 Their haunts to venture near

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TO NEDDY

On your mission dear Brother be faithfull and true
The Saints here in Zion are praying for you
That God will protect you by his mighty hand
While you're spreading the truth in your own native land

We know that temptation will lie in your way
We know of the trials you meet with each day
But if you are faithfull and firmly will stand
You will bring many souls from your own native land

We know of the poverty famine and woe
In the land where your duty has called you to go
But friends will surround you and God by you stand
And bless you with health in your own native land

And when the time comes you will get your release
You will come back to Zion with honor and peace
Take your wife and your children and friends by the hand
And bring many souls from your own native land

LAURA'S BIRTHDAY

To day is your twenty first birthday they say
And happy I hope you have been
And as each year goes round may your happiness see
Till your years number three score and ten

Bitter sorrow you've known in the years that are past
May your future be happy and bright
And as years come and go may the sun light your path
May your heart in the future be light

DANCE ON THE BRAIN

O what a condition the people are in
The way they are running about is a sin
They rave about dancing the symptoms are plain
They all are affected with Dance on the Brain

They gather together in corner and street
And talk about dancing with everyone they meet
But they never agree so they argue in vain
For they all are affected with Dance on the Brain

The women have got it so bad they will go
To a dance all alone through the rain or the snow
No matter how hard it may snow sleet or rain
They will go for they all have got Dance on the Brain

And when they get there they the music will curse
 And say tis so bad that it cannot be worse
 They will swear they will never dance by it again
 But tis all in the hog eye they've got Dance on the Brain

They will say that their money for nothing they paid
 And they never again such a fool will be made
 But the very next night they are ready again
 To wade through the mud they've got Dance on the Brain

They will call the committee and Bishop unfair
 For saying they shall not drink whiskey or swear
 And from a few other bad habits refrain
 When they know very well they've got Dance on the Brain

NEVER GIVE UP

There are times in our lives when with darkness and gloom
 Our minds are oer shadowed as dark as the tomb
 When joys hope and gladness have faded away
 And left us in darkness to grope on our way
 But do not dispair or at fortune be whining
 For every dark cloud has bright silver lining

Altho- fortune is fickle or friends are untrue
 And the fates are against you and pleasures are few
 And dark are the clouds that oer shadow thy way
 Press on do not heed what the tempter may say
 Don't falter or stumble or ever be pining
 For the darker the cloud is the brighter the lining

Though your friends may be few and your fortune adverse
 Look around you will see those whose fate is still worse
 Tis to teach us this lesson that trials we meet
 If we taste not the bitter we know not the sweet
 Be patient the sun will soon brightly be shining
 And show you the cloud had a bright silver lining

TO MELLIE

Dear girl you have wished me a happy New Year
 When the day was far spent and the end was so near
 Tis an emblem of life and reminds me so plain
 But a few more short years I shall with you remain

Then may these few years that may still be my share
 Be spent with my friends free from sorrow and care
 And to you and to me and to friends that are dear
 May each year that goes bye be a happy New Year

JOTTING BY THE WAY

My mind has been wandering backward
 Far back to the land of my birth
 When tidings first reached us that angels
 Again had come back to the earth
 And brot the glad news that Jehovah
 His latter day work had begun
 And brot back the priesthood to Joseph
 This was in eighteen thirty one

With joy we read the glad tidings
 That God by his servants had sent
 And gave them a home and a welcome
 While they preached to the people repent
 And as we believed in the message
 We down to the water did go
 To follow the steps of our Savior
 This was in eighteen thirty two

We next up to Kirtland did gather
 The Saints then in numbers were few
 But Joseph the Prophet was with us
 And our hearts were all loyal and true
 He taught us that if we were faithfull
 Triumphant we always would be
 Our enemies never would conquer
 This was in eighteen thirty three

The Elders were sent to the nations
 To spread the glad tidings abroad
 And the Saints were beginning to gather
 To build up the Kingdom of God
 It was then we were taught by the prophet
 That God would require of our store
 A tithing to build up the Kingdom
 This was in eighteen thirty four

He taught us to love one another
 And never be haughty or vain
 And leave off our pride and contention
 And from all bad habits refrain
 We then to Gods name built a temple
 And all for his blessings and strive
 And in it received our anointing
 This was in eighteen thirty five

We then were endowed with his spirit
 The gifts to the Saints were restored
 And many received revelation
 While the tidings were scattered abroad
 The Saints were increasing in numbers
 But Joseph with others did fix

To strengthen the stake in Missourie
This was in eighteen thirty six

Our enemies gathered arround us
Deserters arose in our band
The Prophet with many more left us
For Missourie our fair promised land
With the poor saints we soon followed after
By mobs from our homes we were driven
We traveled through sickness and sorrow
This was in eighteen thirty seven

We next found ourselves left at Springfield
To care for the sick and the dead
While many continued their journey
Altho- without money or bread
But God gave us friends in our troubles
Who watched with us early and late
Until we had from sickness recovered
This was in eighteen thirty eight

Then the Saints from Missourie were driven
From all their possessions to roam
And the leaders had crossed o'er the river
At Commerce to find a new home
Then again we were traveling westward
To finish our former design
To dwell with the Saints and the prophet
This was in eighteen thirty nine

At Commerce the Saints then did gather
To build up the city Nauvoo
On the banks of the great Mississippi
A beautifull city soon grew
For the Saints that were scattered did rally
To build them new homes soon begun
For a while they grew rich and did prosper
This was in eighteen forty one

We then built a town called it Ramus
(A branch) twenty from Nauvoo
Where often we met with the prophet
Who taught us some things that were new
It was there that we learned the great secret
That then was revealed to but few
Many wives we should marry if faithfull
This was in eighteen forty two

Dissenters soon sprang up amongst us
Like Judas their prophet betrayed
Among them were those he had trusted
And placed in high places to lead
They scattered the seed of dissension
But soon from our midst they did flee

To stir up the ire of the gentiles
This was in eighteen forty three

We again built a temple at Nauvoo
By toil it was finished at last
But traitors and mobs gathered round us
And the prophet in prison was cast
Then Joseph and Hyrum were murdered
Their blood stains the carthage jail floor
To come up in judgment against them
This was in eighteen forty four

Then our enemies poured in the city
To pillage and plunder and rob
And many crossed over the river
And left everything to the mob
Then Brigham was chosen our leader
As the mob were determined to drive
With a few he crossed over the river
This was in eighteen forty five

And many were left unprotected
By the mob they were sorely oppressed
But they kept crossing over the river
To find a new home in the west
At Kanessville and Old Winter Quarters
They stopped and for winter did fix
In the Spring to continue their journey
This was in eighteen forty six

The Saints still remaining at Nauvoo
Were leaving as fast as they could
To follow their friends to the mountains
When they could get clothing and food
They scattered about in the country
In winter by mob they were driven
To find a new home in the mountains
This was in eighteen forty seven

Then traitors set fire to the temple
Which quickly burned down to the ground
To serve as a witness against them
In the day when the trumpet shall sound
But the few that remained in the city
As the season was getting so late
Concluded to winter at Nauvoo
This was in eighteen forty eight

When I think of the sad desolation
We met with in passing around
The beautiful city in ruins
The temple burned down to the ground

The prophet and patriarch murdered
Destruction before and behind
The Saints driven out on the desert
It was thus in eighteen forty nine

In the spring we moved forward to Kanesville
But found them in sorrow and gloom
The cholera swept through the country
And many went down to the tomb.
But we toiled on through sickness and sorrow
Till the time of departure had come,
To follow our friends to the mountains
In eighteen fifty one

When our long weary journey was over
Our trials of travel was passed
We had reached our dear home in the mountains
To dwell with our brethren at last
Since twenty nine years we have labored
In building up Zions stronghold
In the year eighteen hundred and eighty
The church is just fifty years old

And where are those brave valient heroes
Who have followed their leader so long
And fought the good fight for the kingdom
When the battle was raging so strong
A few are remaining amongst us
The most of them sleep by the way
They have fallen brave martyrs of Jesus
To come forth in the great coming day

It soon will be my turn to follow
And lie down a season to rest
To arrise with the Saints and the Prophet
In that far brighter land of the blest
Then I'll claim the bright promise he gave me
With hands on my head long ago
A kingdom a crown when I'd finished
The work I on earth had to do

TRADITION Vs TRUTH

Come gather together ye heroes of crime
Who have faught against truth since the annals of time
The great inquisition again we must try
To crush out these Mormons we'll conquer or die

We'll follow our leader the brave old tra ition
And for his aid de-camp he will have superstition

Then priestcraft and predjudice falsehood and lies
Will join to assist in the great enterprize

Then bigotry slander and gossip and battle
Assurance and impudence join in the battle
With all these great allies we surely will win
And crush out these Mormons and make them give in

We know all the world these great leaders will follow
And all they may say they will greedily swallow
Then come on ye heroes and join in the cry
To put down these ~~Mormons~~ we'll conquer or die

We know that old truth will command their brigade
And reason and justice will come to his aid
But force and oppression have joined in our van
And they will assist us and do all they can

Their weapon the Bible they take at its word
'Tis keener by far than a two edged sword
We know they can wield it and in a fair fight
They quickly will put every traitor to flight

But then we must mainly depend upon might
While they will depend upon one they call right
Upon these two leaders the fight will depend
And if they should win it our glory will end

Our leader tradition we by him have stood
And fought neath his banner through rivers of blood
Once more tis the last hope now if we should fail
Ah yes they have conquered and truth will prevail

Rejoice all ye nations tradition is dead
And all the brave allies so long he has led
In prison must lie never more to come forth
While truth will prevail and spread over the earth

MY 58th BIRTHDAY

How fleet the years are passing bye
That brings us nearer to the close
When in the grave we all must lie
Where we shall find our last repose

Another year has passed and gone
And I am fifty eight years old
Adown the stream I'll totter on
A few more years and all is told

God grant that peace may be my lot
The time that still to me is given
That I may do his will on earth
And meet the friends I love in heaven

THE OLD BROWN COT

I love it I love it and who would not
Tis the place I was born in that old brown cot
It was there that I set on my Mother's knee
When she rocked me to sleep with her By Baby

It was there that she learned me her name to speak
As she steadied my foot steps so tottering and weak
Where she taught me the lessons of honor and truth
And virtue and love in the days of my youth

For many long years I have wandered away
From that dear cherished spot till my hair has turned gray
But I'll never forget it where ever I be
The place where I set on my dear Mother's knee

TO NEOMA

She has lain down to sleep she at last is at rest
And her spirit has gone to the town of the blest
While her husband is waiting to welcome her home
To meet with her friends who before her have gone

We miss her but why should we wish her to stay
To linger where sorrow encircles her way
She has fought the good fight and the victory won
She has finished lifes work and we know tis well done

She has gone from our presence but why should we weep
When we know that we too soon must lie down to sleep
Then we'll meet her again in that bright sunny home
With our kindred and friends who before us have gone

THE LOAFER

He saunters out upon the street
To laugh and chat with those he meets
And light and smoke his cigarette
The loafer

And when he finds a pleasant shade
That some good neighbors trees have made
He sits and plies his pocket blade
The loafer

He sits and smokes and whittles on
Until his cigarette is gone
And then he makes another one
The loafer

And when the sun is getting hot
He'll rise and saunter from the spot
To some ones house his own tis not
The loafer

When seated in the easy chair
He makes so free you would declare
That he must be the govenor there
The loafer

In flattery he will excell
And many silly stories tell
And laugh and gossip too as well
The loafer

His patient wife at home must stay
To toil and labor all the day
While he is idling time away
The loafer

She tries to keep her children neat
And furnish them with food to eat
While he is lounging on the street
The loafer

OUR PLEASURE RIDE

We took a ride the other day
To Salt Creek Kanion bent our way
To have a little pleasure
For we had heard of mellons there
And we had cash and time to spare
And thus we spent our leisure

At one o clock the team appeared
The driver shouted all aboard
And quickly we were jogging
The horses traveled like the wind
And quickly left the town behind
Without a bit of flogging

We jolted up and jolted down
 And every rock and ditch we found
 But then we did not mind them
 For we had mellons on the brain
 As big as pumpkins that was plain
 When we got there to find them

At half past two we reached the place
 And quickly right about did face
 And went to see about them
 But disappointment we must meet
 The mellons were not large or sweet
 So we must do without them

Except a few we took to show
 We did to Salt Creek Kanion go
 If anyone should doubt it
 At five o'clock we all got home
 The children all together came
 And this is all about it

COLD WINTER

Cold winter is coming there's frost in the air
 The beautifull summer is past
 The flowers are all dying that once were so fair
 Their fragrance has gone with the blast
 The tops of the mountains are covered with snow
 The north wind is passing your door
 Then if you have plenty to pay as you go
 Besure to remember the poor

Cold winter is coming his footsteps are near
 To spread desolation around
 To make the earth dreary and frosty and sere
 And scatter the snow oer the ground
 The leaves are beginning to fall from the trees
 The bountifull harvest is oer
 The beautifull streams are beginning to freeze
 Tis the time to remember the poor

Cold winter is coming where plenty abounds
 The dance and the song will be heard
 With mirth and with music your halls will resound
 And luxury shine on your board
 Remember the poor let their hearts be made glad
 With something you give from your store
 It will comfort the feeble and cheer up the sad
 The little you give to the poor

Cold winter is coming his cold frosty breath
Is whistling through mountain and dell
All nature he'll touch with the finger of death
And lock up the earth with his spell
He will laugh at the needy and meek and the poor
As widely he opens their door
Then let us be mindfull to keep him away
With charity comfort the poor

THE OLD FOGY
(On being called an old fogy 1888)

They can call me Old Fogy whenever they will
Or stereotyped Mormon for good or for ill
Such names to another might give an offence
But to me it shows lacking of good common sense

I am proud to inform them for many long years
I have waded through sorrow affliction and tears
And I've stood by the side of the prophet of God
When mobs and when traitors were seeking his blood

And many a time I have sat near his voice
When the words he has spoken has made me rejoice
When he taught us the lessons of light and of truth
I have measured mine up since the days of my youth

When He told us of times that were near to our door
Of blessings that God for the Saints had in store
Of sorrows and happiness joys and of tears
Not one sentence has failed I have watched these long years

But He's left us and gone to the mansions above
To prepare us a home if we faithful should prove
But the words he has spoken while life shall remain
Will belamps to my feet till I meet him again

And I ever will cherish his memory dear
Till I finish the mission he left for me here
Then call me old Fogy I'll make no complaint
When it means an old veteran Latter Day Saint

ZION

Oh ye pleasant vales and ye mountain dales
Of this dear chosen land
Oh ye chrystall rills and ye snow capped hills
That murmur o'er the sand

Oh ye happy homes where Saints have come
 To do His holy will
 To learn His ways and sing His praise
 And all His laws fulfill

Oh ye waving grain where the desert plain
 Now blossoms like the rose
 Where a chosen band from every land
 Now dwell in sweet repose

Oh ye happy land where temples stand
 From which His laws go forth
 While sin and crime from every clime
 Is swept from off the earth

Then Christ again will come and reign
 A thousand years below
 And peace and joy without alloy
 To every heart will flow

OUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Tis your birthday again how the time flies away
 How swiftly the years come and go
 How short seems the time since that bright happy time
 When we met here just one year ago
 But the day has arrived not so fair as before
 For the children have wandered away
 And the few that remain have but little to spare
 To make cheerfull and brighten that day

But our thoughts linger with you we hope it may be
 Our lot when another shall come
 To all be together and pass off the day
 With joy in our old cottage home
 Then may there be many bright birthdays to come
 With children and friends ever near
 To cheer up and brighten the old cottage home
 Your spirits to comfort and cheer

THE MAIL CARRIER

Oh yes the days are growing short
 At six the sun goes down
 I take my sack and hustle away
 To meet the southern bound
 When at the track I sit me down
 Upon the iron rail
 And wait alone the train to come
 To bring me up the mail

Adown the track along the gloom
 With anxious look I gaze
 Until I see the smoke arise
 Above the twilight haze
 Five minutes more the train arrives
 The mail man without fail
 Receives my sack and then in turn
 He passes out my mail

With sack across my shoulder then
 I for the office start
 No matter if the roads are bad
 No matter if tis dark
 For well I know they're waiting there
 They never never fail
 To gather round the office door
 Until I bring the mail

And if a letter fail to come
 The mail man bears the blame
 And I must listen to their slurs
 As if I'd stole the same
 And when the paper day arrives
 Of course it should not fail
 But if it does some fault of his
 Has kept it from the mail

He must be ready night and day
 To wait on one and all
 He must not leave the place an hour
 For fear some one might call
 But he must be a public slave
 To please all never fail
 For the honor of the office pays
 For attending to the mail

THE MAIL OF THIS TOWN

The mail of this town is a wonderfull mail
 That is brot to the office each night from the rail
 For the people all gather from all parts of town
 To see what the news is and swallow it down

When the sack is unlocked and the mail is turned out
 The people stand waiting both indoors and out
 For the calling of names which is done without fail
 For they each one expect to get letters by mail

There's a bundle of letters tied up with a string
 And a few transient papers no very great thing
 But they watch the proceeding as if 'twould entail
 A fortune to just get a letter by mail

Then there's the Enquirer the news Deseret
 The Herald and Tribune I must not forget
 They bring us the news whether current or state
 Twice a week we are sure to find them in the mail

The names are soon called and the mail handed out
 Just about one in ten get a letter no doubt
 Then the rest will go home to be back without fail
 Tomorrow to see who gets letters by mail

COTTAGE HOME

I've a humble cottage home
 Where the summer flowers bloom
 And an orchard with an arbor neath its bows
 Old Friend

I've a garden for the hoe
 Where I water plow and sow
 And a little farm above for the plow
 Old Friend

I've a parlor and a hall
 If a friend should chance to call
 And a wife within the cottage to preside
 Old Friend

I have children living near
 The old cottage home to cheer
 And I've friends who dwell around on every side
 Old Friend

I can sit within my door
 When my daily toil is o'er
 And be thankfull for the blessings in my reach
 Old Friend
 And I think though light of purse
 That my fate might still be worse
 And I proffit by the lesson it does teach
 Old Friend

I have cast away my pride
 And base flattery beside
 And I try to gather wisdom from above
 Old Friend
 Then if you like my style
 Just call in and sit awhile
 And I'll tell you what I hate and what I love
 Old Friend

I love a woman's voice

When she makes kind words her choice
And the prattle of the children at their play
Old Friend

But I hate a scold or shrew

Who finds nothing else to do
But to tattle and make mischief all the day
Old Friend

I love an honest man

Who is doing all he can
To promote the joy and happiness of earth
Old Friend

But I hate the selfish curse

Who would rob me of my purse
And will leave the earth no better for his birth
Old Friend

I love a well tried friend

Upon whom I can depend
And will kindly bring my faults to my view
Old Friend

But a traitor I despise

Who with flattery and lies
Will deceive all with whom he has to do
Old Friend

TO MARY ANN

Dear Sister I'm thinking of years passed away
And of scenes in the land of our birth
When we little children together did play
And we knew not the sorrows of earth

Your parents so kind I remember them well
Their love you had no one to share
Death took them and left you among strangers to dwell
An orphan with no kindred near

But you found in my Mother a friend kind and true
You loved her as well as your own
She cared for your wants was a Mother to you
Until you a woman had grown

Your life has been checkered with joy and with care
But friends you have always found near
And the years that are past have dropped snow in your hair
To show you the end draweth near

May the years still remaining be happy and bright
And may there be many to come

When you've finished lifes work and have fought the good fight
 May you know it has all been well done

I AM WAITING HERE FOR THEE

The years of life are waning fast
 Their tale will soon be told
 I soon shall reach the other shore
 For I am growing old
 I seem to hear my Mothers voice
 It whispers unto me
 Be faithfull till thy work is done
 I'm watching here for thee

My feeble limbs my furrowed brow
 My hair fast turning gray
 My sight grows dim my hearing dull
 All tokens of decay
 And whispers with their gentle voice
 Which plainly says to me
 Your friends upon the other side
 Are waiting there for thee

My friends of youth are nearly gone
 They have fallen by the way
 I seldom see a face I knew
 In youths bright sunny day
 They've left me but I seem to hear
 Then whisper back to me
 Toil on and finish up thy work
 We are waiting here for thee

TO JOSEPH

I know it would be idle words
 To bid you not to weep
 For her you've laid beneath the sod
 To take her final sleep
 For we are doomed to bear the pang
 Of sorrow here below
 And when with dearest friends we part
 The bitter tears will flow

But there's a hope a still small voice
 That whispers to your heart
 And tells you of a better home
 For those with whom we part
 It tells you that few years at best
 Can to this life be given
 When we shall meet with those we love
 And dwell with them in Heaven

Then let this thought inspire your heart
To banish doubts and fears
And give you strength to bear the pang
And help you dry your tears
And in the years that still remain
To give you joy and peace
And help you in your daily toil
And happiness increase

THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD

The home of my boyhood the place of my birth
It is dearer to me than all others on earth
Its charm is still with me wherever I roam
I'll never forget it my own boyhood home

The voice of my Mother still sounds in my ear
The laugh of my brothers and sisters so dear
The cow bells low jingle the old dinner horn
The crow of the cock to awake us each morn

The hoot of the owl and the lone whiper-will
At evening we heard from the woodland and hill
They still ring in my ears altho long years have past
Since I saw the dear home of my infancy last

Altho many a mile I have wandered away
My body grown feeble my hair turning gray
Yet those happy scenes linger I dream of them yet
The home of my boyhood I'll never forget

SEND FOR MOTHER

Oh John there is something the matter I'm sure
With poor little baby to day
It has slept all the morning so sweet and demure
When you know it should wake up and play
I went to the cradle to listen just now
And see if the cloth did not smother
Its eyes were half open its breathing was low
Oh John you must hurry for Mother

At the old cottage home by the fireside alone
Sits Mother dejected and sad
She is thinking of years that forever are gone
When her little ones made her heart glad
The door opens softly a voice in her ear
Says baby has something the bother
They could not decide what the matter would be
So they told me to hurry for Mother

There's a light in her eye as she wraps from the cold
 She mutters perhaps it is best
 But I've toiled all my life till I'm weary and old
 I should think they might now let me rest
 But the gloom has dispersed there's a light up of heart
 No matter how stormy the weather
 When the children have sorrow she's ready to start
 She is glad when they send for their Mother

For she knows that her presence will banish the gloom
 And drive away sorrow and fear
 And scatter the sunlight and cheer up the home
 They are safe when their Mother is near
 Oh sad is the home where no Mother may come
 Its fancifull troubles to smother
 And lighten the burdens and trials of home
 God bless every dear loving Mother

TO DAVID

I have made up my mind you had best mind your ways
 And come and spend with your old friends a few days
 Put in a few blankets a little clean hay
 And come and spend with us our Father's Birthday
 Bring with you the children those who can leave home
 And Mary Ann too if she wishes to come
 And other good friends you may meet on the way
 And we'll have a good time on our Mother's Wedding Day
 Bring with you some game say a goose or a duck
 And a lot of good fish if you're having good luck
 And anything else that may come in the way
 To make a good time on our sisters Birthday
 A gun to kill game with for some of the boys
 Or the geese that fly over and make such a noise
 Say Father's old bet if you think it will pay
 For no doubt you remember he died on that day
 Perhaps if you happen to come by Spring Lake
 Some others may join you a visit to make
 If so they'll be welcome as long as they stay
 To make a good time on my girl's wedding day

WHAT SHALL OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER BE

kee..... A pumpkin pie a chicken roast
 A pudding of corn meal
 A mug of cidar ginger
 Pork chicken pie and veal

This bill of fare will do for me
This shall our Christmas Dinner be

Englishman

Roast beef plum pudding and stale bread
A veal or mutton pie
A mutton chop a mug of ale
And whiskey from the rye

Frenchman

A mutton pie a frog or eel
A pidgeion duck or snipe
Good pastery tarts a little wine
With chicken fish or tripe

Dutchman

Sour krout and cabbage mutton pie
A pot of beer or ale
Fat beef and cheese and butter milk
And bread a little stale

Irishman

Potatoes buttermilk and pork
A loaf of oat meal bread
Good whiskey gin and ale or beer
Cheese beef and herring red

Scotchman

Fat beef and pork and mutton pie
Potatoes cabbage veal
A glass of whiskey beer or ale
And bread of good oat meal

Welchman

Roast beef plum pudding chicken pie
Potatoes bread and ham
Tea coffee ale a little wine
Fresh pork and veal or lamb

Norwegun

Good fat reindeer and fish and seal
Will make for us a splendid meal

Indian

Parch corn dried venison game and fish
Is just as good as I can wish

Negro

Fat opossom coon and homminy
And hot cake good enough for me

Canabal

A Missionary 's good enough

We boil them when they're old and tough

TO MY BROTHER B. F. J.

Dear Brother in thinking of years past away

When we were at home with our Mother

Who loved us so faithfully kindly and true

And taught us to love one another

She taught us good precepts she gave good advice

She proved our best friend to the last

But how have we heeded the lessons she taught

As on through this life we have passed

We sometimes have differed and passion would rise

We have quarreled and strove with each other

And often the sun has gone down on our wrath

We learned not these lessons from Mother

Now age has come on we are nearing the end

If our lives we take time to think oer

Perhaps we might see a few places to mind

Ere we meet her on yonders bright shore

Then let us blot out from our lives all the past

And try all the future to brighten

Perhaps it may prove a good lesson at last

And help us our burdens to lighten

TO MY SISTER ALMERA

Dear Sister long years have passed bye since we met

But thy form and thy features I do not forget

And perhaps in the picture I send you may see

Some token or sign to remind you of me

The glass no doubt tells you that age comes to you

The picture will show you I'm growing old too

And we know that ere many more years shall pass bye

That we both in the grave for a season must lie

Then ere the times comes we must down to rest

In the cold silent grave let us bury the past

In the years that remain let us bear with each other

And live by the precepts laid down by our Mother

And if on this earth we shall not meet again

May we meet in that land where no sorrow or pain

Shall mar our enjoyment when life shall be o'er

May we meet with our friends who have gone on before

TO MY BROTHER WILLIAM

Dear Brother the picture you sent me
 I am sure it no better could be
 It is really so very much like you
 It seems to be speaking to me
 Tis a picture I long have been wanting
 A place in my album to fill
 I have shown it to all of my children
 All say it is dear Uncle Will

Please except of my thanks for the present
 It is all I have now to bestow
 And if you could know how we prize it
 You would not be sorry I know
 The woman that stands up beside you
 Her features and form is so plain
 That the children as soon as they saw it
 Says thats Uncle William, Aunt Jane

CHRISTMAS

It is Christmas again at the old cottage home
 There is bustle arround the old hearth
 The children again are beginning to come
 To join in its pleasure and mirth
 The tables are loaded with food of the best
 And each one seems filled with delight
 But a shadow comes over our hearts as we think
 Of the chairs that are vacant to night

In the years that are past when the hollidays came
 The children have always been near
 To join in the sports at the old cottage home
 And partake of its mirth and good cheer
 But they now are not here some have wandered away
 And cannot be with us tonight
 Their absence has caused a deep shadow to day
 For their chairs will be vacant tonight

But we hope when another bright Christmas shall come
 They will all be together once more
 Beneath the old roof of the old cottage home
 Where so oft they have gathered before
 To enjoy all the pleasure the hollidays give
 That our hearts may be happy and light
 May no shadow come over our thoughts when we think
 That no chairs will be vacant tonight

FIVE FACES ON THE WALL

I see on the ceiling five faces together
They are all that is left of the sons of our Mother
And as time flies away but a few years at best
Ere they all in the grave for a season must rest

In the Kingdom of God they have toiled many years
And shared in its blessings its sorrows and tears
With the Pro het of God they have battled for truth
And defended his name since the days of their youth

They have stood by his side when the battle was strong
And have fought for the truth gainst oppression and wrong
Till they saw him laid low in the cold silent grave
And they knew that his heart was true loyal and brave

And they knew that the hands that were stained with his blood
Had willfully murdered a Prophet of God
And they knew like a lamb to the slaughter he went
For warning all men of their sins to repent

And through life they have followed the precepts he taught
Until age has come on and lifes battles are fought
Still they know that his words have been true and sincere
And they ever will cherish his memory dear

In the years that remain may they feel no regret
But be firm in the cause until lifes sun is set
When their mission is filled may they meet him again
In a far better land free from sorrow and pain

PRAYER

Oh thou Mighty God of Jacob
Listen to my fervent prayer
As I bow the knee before thee
Wilt thou take me in thy care

Wilt thou grant me my petition
I will ask thee not for wealth
But instead Oh father give me
The rich blessing life and health

I ask not for worldly honor
I ask not for worldly fame
But instead oh Father give me
With thy children a good name

I will ask thee not for power
I will ask thee not for might

But instead oh give me wisdom
To direct me always right

Help me in my daily labor
To provide for every need
And inspire my heart to serve thee
And thy laws and councils heed

When my mission here is finished
And my earthly labors over
Bring me back into thy presence
There to dwell for evermore

This I ask through Christ our Savior
Who our sins and sorrows bore
And I'll give to thee the honor
And the glory evermore

PERSUASION

How often the Saints have been plundered and mobbed
How oft theyve been driven and plundered and robbed
How oft theyve been driven from houses and home
And left like the beast on the prairie to roam

How often their blood has been spilt on the soil
How oft theyve been robbed of the fruits of their toil
How often their homes have been burned to the ground
And their wives and their children all scattered around

How often their path has been marked by their blood
As they fled from their foes o'er the cold frozen sod
How oft by the wayside the young the old
Have sunk down exhausted from hunger and cold

They have murdered the Prophet and Patriarch too
They have burned down the temple their cities laid low
And the Saints have been exiled from country to roam
Far out in the mountains to find a new home

Far away from their foes in the deep mountain dell
They have found them a home with the savage to dwell
Where the howl of the wolf and the growl of the bear
Is want to be mingled with praises and prayer

In the tops of the mountains away from their foes
They have dwelt for a season in quiet repose
Large cities appear where the wild beast has trod
And temples are reared to the name of our God

But our foes have discovered our quiet retreat
In our towns and our cities they are setting their feet
Their watchword destruction the cry has gone forth
There is no place for Saints on the face of the earth

TO MY BOYS

Yes boys go find a better land
A home for you and me
Where we can go and dwell in peace
From noise and bustle free

Where you can raise your little ones
In wisdoms pleasant ways
And I in peace and quietude
Can finish up my days

You know I'm growing old my boys
And soon shall pass away
Then let me live a quiet life
The few years I may stay

And when my earthly work is done
And all my labors over
I'll leave a Father's blessing boys
If I can do no more

I want a little fertile land
The acres may be few
Enough to raise my daily bread
That I must surely do

For I will labor for my bread
While life and health remain
I will not live by charity
While toil my wants will gain

I want my children living near
Their faces I must see
For life would give but little joy
If they were far from me

For when I'm called from earth away
To take my final rest
I know they'd lay me gently down
With flowers upon my breast

I want a cottage neat and clean
Your Mother to preside
And every needfull thing within
To make her satisfied

There must be room enough to hold
 My children when they come
 To pass a social holliday
 In our dear cottage home

I've always wished for such a home
 And hoped it would be mine
 When I had passed my manhood years
 And come to life's decline

And should it chance to be my lot
 Twould smoothe the path of life
 And give me strength to labor on
 For children friends and wife

PRIDE AND HAUGHTINESS

Oh what do you think Brother Joseph would say
 Should he come back to make us a visit some day
 And see how by fashion the Saints were astray
 And leaving their former position

No doubt he would say as he oft did of old
 That fashion and pride were more potent than gold
 In luring the Saints from the true shepards fold
 And leading them down to perdition

He had told us before he would tell us again
 That we should not be haughty we should not be vain
 That our dress should be homespun neat tidy and plain
 For this was the fashion in heaven

He would say I have warned you quiet fashion and pride
 To teach you the will of the Lord I have tried
 But His councils and precepts you would not abide
 Altho for your wellfare twas given

He had told us that haughtiness led us to sin
 And vanity to it was very near kin
 And would lead from the path that the Saints should walk in
 But you would not attend to the warning

That if you His councils refuse to abide
 And cling to your vanity folly and pride
 In glory you never would sit by His side
 When we arise in that bright happy morning

He would say if we followed the precepts he taught
 Our pride cast away as a good Christian ought
 And live and be Saints till lifes battle was fought
 We then a bright crown would inherit

We would meet him again when our work here is done
And our mission was ended our victory won
In that bright happy home with the Father and Son
And the Saints who were led by his spirit

FREEDOM AND LIBERTY

Thank God there are fine noble men in this land
By the old constitution who bravely will stand
Brave chieftains of battle for freedom and right
In the strife gainst oppression who bravely will fight

Fight on valient heroes thy names will be spread
On our history's page with the heroes who bled
And fought for our liberty freedom and right
When the old constitution was framed in its night

Thy cause is a just one the poor and oppressed
Will remember the names of Brown Morgan and West
In the halls of our Congress who feared not to fail
The oppressor who dared the old flag to disgrace

Then hurrah for the banner unfurl it on high
Let it float on the breeze while we send up the cry
For freedom and liberty over the land
While old Constitution unsullied shall stand

DESERET

Deseret Deseret Tis our own mountain home
Where Saints from all nations and countries have come
Where the fish to be caught in the parable net
We are all here together in Fair Deseret

We are here from all nations all countries and climes
For we plainly can see by the signs of the times
That the fig tree has blossomed the summer is set
We are waiting his coming in fair Deseret

From settlement country and state we've been driven
We have sought for redress but no favor were given
To plan our distruction in counsel they've set
Ere we came to the vallies of fair Deseret

But our foes have resolved with an eye to the spoil
To possess all we've gained by our labor and toil
They our rulers with falsehood and lies have beset
To disfranchise the Saints in our fair Deseret

But God at the helm will direct us aright
 We will trust to his arm through the dark stormy night
 We have faith in his promise we'll trust to him yet
 He will steer us safe through in our fair Deseret

TO EVELINE

Can we forget the friends we loved
 In youths unclouded hours
 The forms that wandered by our side
 In pleasures sunny bowers
 Oh no let time and change speed on
 To tempt us to forget
 Still will those bright and sunny days
 Live in our memory yet

Can we forget the happy smile
 That gladdened our young hearts
 That almost seemed to take away
 The point of sorrow's dart
 Oh no let absence break the wreath
 That intercourse has turned
 But never can it pluck the gem
 Of friendship from the mind

And when the parting hour has come
 And friends are clustering near
 Can we forget the eye that shed
 With us the parting tear
 Oh no let other friends press round
 To tempt us to forget
 Our only answer to them is
 We must remember yet

THE TWIN GRAVES

(Father and Son buried in one grave)

So lowly we've laid them beneath the cold clay
 The friends we have cherished in life's early day
 In one silent grave we have left them to sleep
 They have left us in sorrow and sadness to weep

Oh how heavy our hearts as we turned from the place
 What sorrow was pictured on each friendly face
 The tears fell in torrents from hearts running o'er
 As we left these dear friends to be with them no more

Oh how we shall miss them around the lone hearth
 When we mingle our voices in pleasure and mirth
 In the shadows of evening at parties and ball
 We shall think of those loved ones and tear drops will fall

Yes sadly we'll miss them when in the gay throng
We join in the pleasure of dance and in song
Their memory we'll cherish till life's dream is o'er
And we meet past the shadows to part never more

OUR MOTHERS GRAVE

Behold upon that sacred stone
These simple words our Mothers grave
A truer Mother Ne'er was known
With love more pure or heart more brave

She's resting her lowly bed
She's free from sorrow toil and care
But tears of sorrow oft are shed
For her who sleeps so sweetly there

Sleep on Dear Mother take thy rest
Thy work on earth is nobly done
Thy spirit now is with the blessed
Where other dear loved friends have gone

Thy children who are left behind
Still mourn the loss of one so dear
So loving faithful true and kind
How can we help but shed a tear

But we must toil a few more years
On this cold earth its storms to brave
But we remember oft with tears
These simple words our Mother's grave

BY GONE YEARS

Oh no I cannot smile to night
My heart is sad and sore
I'm dreaming of bright happy days
That will return no more
I'm thinking of a fair young form
That wandered by my side
And shared my sorrows and my joys
She was my happy bride

Our hearts were full of love and hope
For joy in years to come
We braved the trials in our path
Around our cottage home
How swiftly passed these happy years
So full of joy to me
Without a thought that time would bring
Such bitter misery

How fondly did I hope that fate
When lifes decline should come
Would leave me calmly to enjoy
A peacefull quiet home
But such is life and such my fate
Again I'm left to roam
And brave this cold and bitter world
With neither friends or home

Deserted friendless and alone
In lifes declining years
To battle with the worlds cold storm
In sorrow and in tears
But come what will I'll battle on
And every danger brave
To win me friends and home again
To lay me in the grave

TO ADA

We have laid her away in the cold silent tomb
And our hearts are oer shadowed with sadness and gloom
We have turned from the place with a sad heavy heart
For tis hard with our dear little treasure to part

But we know that the angels have taken her home
Where sickness and sorrow can never more come
She is free from temptation she now is at rest
And God in his wisdom has done for the best

How sadly we'll miss her arround the lone hearth
Her smile and her laughter her prattle and mirth
Her raiment her toys her companions and all
They will often remind us and tear drops will fall

And Then at the table how lonely 'twill be
There her sweet little face we shall never more see
The bed where she slumbered the pillow she pressed
And the prayer that she murmured retiring to rest

But God in his wisdom has called her away
Then why should we murmur or wish her to stay
In this cold dreary world full of sorrow and pain
When we know that ere long we shall meet her again

MY 59th BIRTHDAY

And can it be so many years
Have really passed away
That I am fity nine years old
On this my natal day

That age is really coming on
And life is nearly o'er
That all my boyhood days are gone
To come to me no more

I feel the same impulses still
The sorrow and the joy
The hope of happiness and love
As when I was a boy
But then the labor and toil
My limbs will not perform
My sight is dim my hearing dull
My brow with furrows worn

My body bent my dark brown hair
Is silvered o'er with gray
All tell me I am growing old
All tokens of decay
Then when from earth I'm called away
My friends be gathered near
To lay me calmly in the grave
And shed the parting tear

SAD MEMORIES

They have flattered her pride and her vanity too
They have made her believe I am false and untrue
They have filled her with lies till her love has grown cold
She has left me alone when I'm feeble and old

How well I remember the days of our youth
When she seemed to be all that was honor and truth
Then her love to my heart was more precious than gold
It has faded away when I'm feeble and old

She has met other faces more youthfull and fair
Who will flatter her pride and her vanity share
They have lured her away with the glitter of gold
She has left me because I am feeble and old

Oh how sad is my heart as I sit here alone
And I think of the years that forever are gone
When a dear loving wife in my arms I would fold
Now she spurns me because I am feeble and old

Altho fickle and false she has been a good wife
And the Mother of those I love dearer then life
For the sake of those loved ones may blessings unfold
Around her who spurns me because I am old

SADNESS

My thoughts are very sad tonight
 My heart is filled with woe
 I'm thinking of the years gone bye
 And tears of sorrow flow
 I'm thinking of the dreary past
 Its sorrows and its pain
 And feel the sun upon my heart
 Will never smile again

The dreary past the present gloom
 The future none may see
 But no bright prospects here remain
 To lend a hope to me
 No home no friends to speak kind words
 To make me hope again
 Or feel the sun upon my heart
 Will ever shine again

My only hope is in the grave
 Where all my sorrow ends
 There I shall hope to find a home
 And meet my early friends
 There free from all my earthly cares
 my sorrows and my pain
 Perhaps upon my weary heart
 The sun may shine again

TWENTY YEARS AGO
 (written about 1880.)

Oh give me back the good old times
 Of twenty years ago
 With all the trials and the toils
 We then did undergo
 But with it bring the joy and peace
 With which we all were blest
 And best of all the sweet content
 That filled each throbbing breast

How cheerfully each day we toiled
 Our dayly bread to earn
 Well knowing that a faithfull wife
 Awaited our return
 No pride or fashion to destroy
 Domestic happiness
 Or teach us idleness and vice
 But all was joy and peace

Our wives with willing hands did toil
 Their homespun to provide

To clothe their children and themselves
 And all were satisfied
 Altho no dainties decked our board
 We relished well our food
 'Twas what the earth brought forth to us
 And all pronounced it good

How happy were our evenings spent
 At parties or at ball
 Where not a jot of discontent
 Was known within the hall
 But pleasure beamed in every face
 And joy filled every heart
 And often would the dawn appear
 Ere we would choose to part

Then give me back those happy days
 Though hardship may betide
 And take away base fashions rule
 With haughtiness and pride
 A cheerfull home with social friends
 Tho poor that home may be
 'Tis better far than pride and gold
 That brings but misery

HOPE

One by one they all are leaving
 To a southern land they go
 They are leaving me in sorrow
 In this land of frost and snow
 Oh how gladly would I mingle
 With my friends and join the band
 Who are leaving this cold country
 For a brighter sunny land

But the Lord has so provided
 That I must remain awhile
 But I soon will gather with them
 If kind fortune on me smile
 For I feel an inspiration
 That my body will be laid
 When I've finished up my mission
 Neath the fig trees pleasant shade

Altho trials now beset me
 I have faith that God is just
 And will bear me safely through them
 If His promises I trust
 And the clouds that hang above me
 And o'er shadow me today

Will be rifted and the sunlight
Will again shine on my way

For the spirit whispers to me
That my labor is not done
I must finish up my mission
Which is only just begun
Altho years are growing on me
There are better days for me
Ere I lay me down to slumber
I shall fill my destiny

SPRING
(A burlesque.)

A thought has struck me just the thing
I'll jot it down my pencil bring
(O dear what noise is that without
Now Charlie what are you about)

Oh glorious spring thy birds and flowers
Thy golden sunshine and thy showers
Thy gentle zeffers (what a riot
Now children can't you keep more quiet)

Thy gentle zeffers through the trees
Thy fragrance floating on the breeze
Thy meadows green (there Minnie see
If someone is not calling me)

Thy meadows green thy fragrant air
Thy sparkling dew like diamonds rare
The warbling of the thrush and linnet
(I'll cut some wood in just a minute)

Oh how I love thee beautiful spring
Thy praises all the poets sing
The brightest season of the year
go to the office I'll be there

I love to wander o'er the hills
And listen to the murmuring rills
And call the flowers on the plain
(There I must go I hear the train)

FRIENDS

Oh no I cannot live alone
I must have others near me
To pass the lonely hours away
To comfort and to cheer me

Without companions life would be
A desert lone and dreary
I'd have a wife to comfort me
When I am sad and weary

To be my true and loving friend
Though sorrow may betide me
And when we'd reached our journeys end
I'd have her laid beside me
I'd have a peaceful quiet home
Where friends might sometimes gather
To pass a social holiday
In happiness together

I'd have my kindred living near
Where I could often greet them
And when the holidays come round
With pleasure I would meet them
I'd have them gather round my board
All in their proper places
Pertaking of my humble fare
With cheerful happy faces

A few good neighbors I would have
A man may sometimes need them
For when the poor were in our midst
They'd help to clothe and feed them
I'd have enough of worldly goods
Obtained by honest labor
To keep us all from knowing want
Myself my friend my neighbor

DESERET
(1880.)

Oh what a sad condition
All the people now are in
About the Mormon question
Called the Barberism town
They seem to be determined now
To wipe us out and set
The poor deluded Mormon wives
All free in Deseret

So in the halls of congress
Over which our banner waves
They have robbed us of our freedom
And have voted us all slaves
They have robbed us of our franchise
And rulers oer us set
To bring us into slavery
In lovely Deseret

They have robbed us of our liberty
 They have robbed us of our wives
 They have robbed us of our children too
 All dearer than our lives
 And all for our religion too
 That we such treatment get
 While we are peacefull citizens
 Of lovely Deseret

They drove us from our settlements
 And robbed us of our homes
 They drove us from the county too
 Oer Desert lands to roam
 Then from the State they drove us
 No favor would we get
 We wandered to the vallies of
 The lovely Deseret

Here we dwelt in peace a season
 Where by labor and by toil
 We have built up towns and cities
 And reclaimed the sterile soil
 And the Lord has blest us greatly
 Since our pilgrim feet we set
 In the place he had prepared for us
 The Vales of Deseret

But our foes seen now determined
 To drive us once again
 And despoil us of our riches
 And possess our fair domain
 So to drive us from the nation
 They our rulers have beset
 But the Lord will not forsake us
 In our lovely deseret

RELIGION

There's a sort of religion some people profess
 They put it on Sundays when they go to dress
 And at night they will fold it and put it away
 And they see it no more till the next Sabbath day

Chorus:

For such a religion I have not a care
 Give me a religion for every day wear

They will sit in the church with an innocent look
 While they hear the good doctrines contained in the book
 With their grave solemn face you would think them so pure
 That a bad thought or action they could not endure

Chorus:

They will give you good council and warn you from sin
And tell you the way that a Saint should walk in
They will wear a long face through the whole Sabbath day
And sometimes in meeting they'll preach and they'll pray

Chorus:

On Monday you'll see them go out on the street
To take the advantage of all that they meet
If it costs them a lie they will make a good trade
And they'll boast of what they have dishonestly made

Chorus:

Sometimes you may see them around the saloon
Or out on the store steps from morning till noon
If they owe you good promise they'll give you for pay
But you cannot depend on a word they will say

Chorus:

In tattle and gossip they sometimes excell
In flattery too and make mischief as well
Thus each day in the week they their time pass away
But they'll wear their religion on each Sabbath day

HOME AGAIN

(After a visit with my children in about 1884 this was written.)

Well here I am again at home
And in my quarters all alone
And must again my toil begin
By which my daily bread I win

The days since from my home I went
Quite pleasantly have all been spent
In social converse and good cheer
With social friends and children dear

And then the little children too
How well they tried what they could do
To entertain us and to make
The time pass pleasant for our sake

Beneath our window they did sing
And make the air with music ring
Their childish laugh their merry glee
All made a happy time for me

But happy days must have an end
And friend must sometimes part with friend
To battle with the cares of life
And share its sorrows and its strife

And so again with heavy heart
I must again resume my part
And fill my mission here below
For soon 'twill be my turn to go

FAREWELL TO MY HOME

Farewell to my once happy home
Farewell to the cottage and vine
And the orchards deep shade where the children have played
In the years when contentment was mine

Farewell to my once loving friends
Farewell to my children so dear
And the wife of my heart I must now with her part
Tho it causes me many a tear

Farewell to each token so dear
I see them wherever I go
That reminds of the past and in memory will last
And cause tears of sorrow to flow

Far down in the journey of life
An out cast from friends and from home
With a sad parting tear I must leave all so dear
And finish my journey alone

Oh how sad has life been in the past
And the future no brighter may be
With no hopes sunny ray to illumine my dark away
And shed its affluence on me

But the years are just passing away
That hasten me on to the tomb
Where I hope to find rest in the land of the blest
Far away from earth's sorrow and gloom

TO MY SISTER ESTER FEB. 1874

(This and the following were written in answer to her letters to me)

Dear sister you've noticed my letters of late
Have seemed of sorrow and trouble
It seems in this life the caprices of fate
Have caused all my sorrows to double

My wife, she that should be my comfort and stay
As I pass through the shadows of life
She has gone from her home she has left me for Aye
My Darling my dear cherished Wife

No pen can my feelings of sorrow portray
My little ones sit on my knee
Oh where is my Mother why is she away
I wonder where Mother can be
The tears blind my eyes as I try to impart
A shadow of what I endure
Despair grief and sorrow enshrouding my heart
To me she was spotless and pure

For twenty long years we have traveled together
Through the shadows and sunshine of life
Many storms we have seen mixed with bright sunny weather
She was always my own cherished wife
But tis past and the last tie that bound us is broken
Bitter grief and despair fills my heart
Those hard bitter words were so cruelly spoken
Time never can heal up the smart

We must part and forever oh hard is the tale
That tells of the wrongs I endure
I cannot accuse her though heartless and frail
She once was so spotless and pure
Your letter so kind to my heart is a ray
Of sunshine mid darkness and gloom
For to know I've a friend on my dark lonely way
As I pass to the shadowy tomb

To answer your letter I would surely be glad
But I feel so unfitted to day
My mind is too gloomy my heart is too sad
To tell you the half I would say
My health is no better than when I wrote last
The children are able to go
I'm sure I can't tell when will winter be past
The ground is all covered with snow

Of the question you asked I but little can tell
J E said but little about it
I have faith in the future that all will be well
I never a moment can doubt it
Of the order of Enoch I but little I know
And trouble I never will borrow
For it comes fast enough in this life as we go
To me tis all trouble and sorrow

TO MY SISTER ESTER MARCH 19, 1874

Dear Sister you wish me to tell you my mind
Of the order of Enoch but I don't feel inclined
To say much about it so little I know
That on the great subject no light could I throw
J. E. in his letter said little to me
And all I could tell is worth nothing to thee
Besides I've concluded no trouble to borrow
For I find in this life enough trouble and sorrow

What Eveline thinks I am sure I can't tell
But her thoughts and my own do not correspond well
But ere long you shall know of the trouble I've had
But tonight you cannot for my heart is too sad
But this much you shall know she has gone to her Mother
And caused me sad anguish that time cannot smother
Oh how I would like to be with you awhile
To chase away sorrow dull care to beguile

If seeds will be to you of any avail
Send to me your order I'll send them by mail
If you have a needle or two you can spare
I should like number five if tis six I don't care
For the old Weed Machine and will send them to me
You cannot imagine how glad I will be
For a paper I have not the money to send
And we have not a needle to make or to mend

In a very few days I'll send money for more
And then you shall take what you sent me before
Don't bother about them if you have not them got
I will do very well if I have them or not
My health is not good as I said in my letter
But I think if I weather it through for awhile
And trouble and sorrow don't make it much better
I will make you a visit dull care to beguile

The children are with me at present all well
But how long I shall keep them I'm sure I can't tell
I will hope for the best for the worst I'll prepare
If they too should leave me who for me would care
This life is all filled up with sorrow and trouble
And in dealing it out they've allotted me double
The grave will soon end it and why should I care
When all of its pleasures for me is shorn bare

The winter out here has been very cold
The cattle are dying off both young and old
And your small brindle cow has been found with the rest
I've lost two or three horses one of them my best
There are hosts of them already dead on the range
But the snow is fast leaving I think it will change

Bright Spring will soon be here to make us all glad
But what is bright springtime to hearts that are sad

From Springlake I've not heard for many a day
If the P. Ts. are there I am sure I cant say
I never hear from them wherever they are
Like others for me they seem nothing to care
I doubt if to conference well I can come
I should very much like to if I could leave home
Yes Milus is married and got him a wife
And he thinks he has got all he needs in this life

I believe you've not seen her Alice Wilkins her name
And I hope she's a very good girl all the same
When Mellie will marry I'm sure I can't say
There is plenty of time yet for many a day
Her and Laura keeps house for the children and me
But how long it will be thus tis hard now to see
As everything changes so this will of course
Like everything else change for better or worse

Altho hard is my lot for my children I'll bear
For they certainly need all a parents fond care
You liked the envelopes I sent you before
When I can think of it I'll send you some more
The stamps that you sent me are money to me
For I send them for seeds and envelopes you see
But you'd far better keep them than give them away
For I now see no prospect I ever can pay

By the mail all the seeds that you want will be sent
If your neighbors will buy them send for what you want
So now I will close wishing you a good night
And hoping you soon me a letter will write
But too hard in your thoughts don't to Eveline be
For surely she has been a good wife to me

ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER JOEL

No no not dead but gone to sleep
Ere long to wake again
When Christ shall come again to earth
A thousand years to reign
Not dead but resting for awhile
From all the toils of earth
To waken in a better home
And gain Celestial birth

Not dead but waiting in the grave
A brighter crown to wear
To mingle with his early friends
Their happiness to share

He is not dead to realms above
His spirit free has fled
No more to mingle with us here
But say not he is dead

He is not dead it cannot be
His labor has been vain
That he is dead and in his grave
To never rise again
No he has passed beyond the veil
To meet his friends who bled
And died as martyrs for the truth
No no he is not dead

REFLECTION

I've wandered oer the road again
I've traveled oft before
In years gone by and marked each spot
I knew in days of yore

Pamon Spring

'Twas here with wife and children too
I camped one deary night
But never thought of loneliness
To me the world was bright

Rocky Ridge

And here again I passed a night
When sickness racked my frame
But I in youth and full of hope
Could bravely bear the pain

Santaquin

And here in youths bright sunny day
I reared my lowly cot
And many happy hours I've spent
In this dear hallowed spot

Spring Creek

And here again in later years
I made my humble home
But sorrow came and clouds arose
And filled my heart with gloom

Payson

And here again long years ago
From savage hands to flee
I found a home to dwell awhile
My children wife and me

Spanish Fork

My noble steed had swam the stream
And I was safely o'er
My wife and children met me here
To see me safe on shore

Springville

And here again was once my home
Twas many years ago
Ere sorrows pang had touched my heart
With bitterness and woe

And thus each spot brings back to me
Some memory of the past
Some token of those happy days
Too full of joy to last

Of days when I had health and youth
And friends were kind and true
And wives in virtue love and truth
Were pure as morning dew

But now alone without a home
In lifes declining years
I often live those scenes again
In bitterness and tears

OUR DEAR OLD HOME IS DESOLATE (1883)

Our dear old home is desolate
As through each room I go
My footsteps cause a hollow sound
Which fills my heart with woe
The pictures walls I gaze upon
Sad memories bring to me
Of happy days forever gone
And left but misery

The hall where in the merry dance
To musics sweetest strain
I've mingled oft with social friends
I'll never meet again
Tis gloomy how a shadow deep
Hangs o'er my heavy heart
It tells me with my home and friends
I must forever part

Those pleasant dreams of happy days
In lifes declining years
Have vanished like the morning dew
And left but sorrowing tears

But such is life the sun may shine
 But clouds will sometimes rise
 And darken every ray of hope
 In life's uncertain skies

Thus in the evening of my life
 I'm left without a home
 Or loving friends to comfort me
 An exile I must roam
 So I must totter down the hill
 In shadow and in gloom
 Until I reach my journeys end
 The dark and silent tomb

CHRISTMAS (1883)

At the old cottage home it is Christmas again
 And mirth and enjoyment and happiness reign
 With hearts overflowing with pleasure and glee
 They all are delighted and happy but me

With food of the choicest the tables abound
 And dainties and luxuries scattered around
 With sumptuous feasting and rare jolity
 They all seem enjoying the pleasures but me

As the shadows of eve are beginning to fall
 They to finish their sports have retired to the hall
 With plenty of music of rare melody
 They all are light hearted and happy but me

I have toiled many years till I'm weary and old
 I have suffered the pangs of thirst hunger and cold
 With the hope that when age should come on there would be
 A home in this cold dreary world left for me

But fortune was fickle and friends were untrue
 And my hopes have all vanished away like the dew
 All the years that remain I a wanderer must be
 There's no home but the grave in this wide world for me

MAY WE NOT THEN PART AS FRIENDS

Since the golden chain is broken
 That once bound us heart to heart
 And the cruel words are spoken
 That has severed us apart
 And our paths are now diverging
 We must live to different ends
 We must part perhaps forever
 May we not then part as friends

Many years we've shared together
All their sorrows and their tears
Now our destiny must sever
In our last declining years
Wrinkles deepen on our foreheads
Silver threads among the gray
Sight grows dim and limbs grow feeble
All are tokens of decay

Showing that our years are numbered
That our lives are nearly o'er
Sadly does the thought come o'er me
Must we part to meet no more
Life to me has little pleasure
When with friends I'm forced to part
Must I then resign the treasure
That has wholly filled my heart

Cruel fate thy spell is broken
By what sorrow few can tell
Since the cruel words are spoken
Bravely will I say farewell
But in coming years should sorrow
Touch thy heart and cause the pain
When thy flattering friends desert thee
Then perhaps we'll meet again

But I cannot spare this caution
Heed it or twill cause regret
Trust thy summer friends no longer
Or thy sun of hope is set
When thy brow becomes more wrinkled
When thy hair becomes more gray
When thy beauty fades forever
Summer friends will fly away

TO CHARLOTTE (1884)

Dear Sister this title to me is so dear
That I hope you'll not blame me for using it here
For my sisters and brothers are really so few
That I hope I may still find a sister in you

This title to me thou'st borne many years
I can only resign it with sorrow and tears
Then the years that remain let us love one another
At least with the friendship of sister and brother

In this hard dreary world we have found very few
When adversity come that have still remained true
But may I still find you a friend to the last
A gem among pebbles thy lot has been cast

MY 60th BIRTHDAY

Thanks thanks kind friends for coming here
 Awhile with us to stay
To celebrate and bring good cheer
 On this my natal day
You little know how much of joy
 Your presence here has brought
Or how good actions and kind words
 With happiness is fraught

When sorrow fills the drooping heart
 And gives the spirit pain
Kind gentle words may cheer us up
 And make us hope again
Our friends are few and life is short
 Then let us while we stay
With gentle words and kindly deeds
 Bring hope to all we may

VALENTINE

Bright visions are passing before me to night
 Of the years passed away that were happy and bright
And many bright faces before me appear
 Of the friends of my youth that to me were so dear
Oh how fondly I gaze on the scenes of the past
 While fancy allows the bright vision to last
And I hail the bright forms as they pass from my view
 And the brightest of all and most cherished are you

But the past has all vanished the present I see
 With a dark dreary future unfolding to me
With no bright star of hope through the darkness and gloom
 To shed light on my way to the cold silent tonite
All alone I must travel the downhill of life
 With no friend by my side with no dear loving wife
For my friends have all vanished away like the dew
 And now I am shunned and deserted by you

May God in his mercy his pity bestow
 As through the dark shadow of life I shall go
And help me my burdens and trials to bear
 And provide me with friends all my sorrows to share
And when I have finished lifes work here below
 May I know tis well done and be ready to go
Then among loving friends who are loyal and true
 And the dearest of all may I not then find you

TO HORACE EDGAR

Another bud has drooped and died
 Ere it was in its bloom
To blossom in a brighter land
 Beyond the silent tomb
Oh how we miss our darling ones
 With whom we're forced to part
To lay them in the silent tomb
 Oh how it rends the heart

Oh how we miss their childish forms
 Around the lonely hearth
Oh how we miss their merry sports
 Their laughter and their mirth
But we are doomed to sorrow here
 While on the earth we stay
But yet we feel that God is just
 He gives and takes away

WE SHALL MEET BUT WE SHALL MISS HIM

We shall meet but we shall miss him
 There will be one vacant chair
When we gather round the fireside
 We shall miss his presence there
Just one year ago we gathered
 In our dear old cottage home
Joy was beaming in his features
 And his eye with lustre shone

When we clasped the hand of parting
 Tears in torrents downward fell
And our hearts were filled with anguish
 As we said the last farewell
Now our little band is broken
 We are drifting with the tide
And our dear old home forsaken
 We are scattered far and wide

We shall meet but many faces
 May be absent from our band
They are drifting from our circle
 They are scattered through the land
But we hope again to gather
 May each broken link be there
But our hearts will swell with anguish
 When we see the vacant chair

JULY 24, 1884

This is the day we celebrate
In this our mountain home
For on this day the pioneers
Into these vallies came
Just thirty seven years to day
Our banner was unfurled
On ensign peak our loyalty
To show to all the world

On each succeeding year this day
We have together met
In every town to celebrate
The birth of Deseret
Then may our children yet unborn
Still celebrate with cheers
The entrance in these vallies of
The noble pioneers

THE OLD VETERONS

Oh where are those brave valient heroes
Who stood by the prophet of God
And valiently fought in his service
When traitors were seeking his blood
Who wore out their lives and their fortunes
Till they saw him laid low in the tomb
And still have continued the warfare
Though all was in darkness and gloom

They are lying along by the wayside
Worn out by their labor and toil
They are resting where mobs and where traitors
No more can rob plunder and spoil
They have fought the good fight and have finished
Their mission of labor below
And now with the martyrs before them
They dwell beyond sorrow and woe

FRIENDS CHILDREN AND WIFE

Oh how my heart yearns for the bright sunny faces
All beaming with joy of my children and wife
And all those dear friends that fond memory embraces
So dear to my heart in the memory of life

How sadly I miss them as lonely I wander
Around my lone cabin by night and by day

And often in twilight I silently ponder
O'er the dreams of my life in the years past away

When all those bright faces were hovering around me
And favored by fortune no sorrow I knew
But dark cruel fate in its fetters has bound me
And forced me to bid all lifes pleasures adieu

Now friendless and homeless all social ties broken
Alone I must pass through the evening of life
Till death shall relieve me and banish each token
Of love I have borne for friends children and wife

TO TELITHA

Dear Friend upon your natal day
With joy we meet you here
To show the love we bear for you
And join you in good cheer

Then may we have a merry time
While we together stay
And when we part may each one feel
We've spent a happy day

May happiness fill every breast
And joy fill every heart
And each one feel a willingness
To act their proper part

Let every care be laid aside
And every heart be light
And may no jar or discord come
Our happiness to blight

And when we from each other part
May each one bear away
Remembrance of the happy scenes
Of this your natal day

AN AEROSTIC

(President of Relief Society on her birthday.)

To celebrate your natal day
We all have met you here
Each bent on passing off the day
In pleasure and good cheer
Like children we have left our toil
And thrown our cares away

In mirth and happiness and joy
To spend your natal day

Then let us have a merry time
Let every heart be light
Here let no jar or discord come
Our happiness to blight
And when the time shall come to part
Let each one bear away
A fond remembrance of the scenes
Of this your natal day

Voice of all sorrow care or strife
Let mirth and pleasure reign
Each willing to perform their part
While we shall here remain
Relief our motto and to you
Our leader we will say
Your friends all join in wishing you
Full many a glad birthday

TO MY OLD COAT

Thou dear old coat as summers past
And winter comes with storm and blast
I've come for thee again
For thou hast been my only friend
On thee I always could depend
Through winter storm or rain

Thy friendship has been ever true
Since first I bought thee bright and new
Fresh from the tailors hand
And thou hast served me many years
And shared my sorrows joys and tears
And always been my friend

But we are growing old and gray
And soon we both will pass away
But we will go together
I'll patch thee up and brush thee too
And make thee just as good as new
To wear in stormy weather

Though thou art tattered old and torn
I too am getting old and worn
Together we have passed
Through many a rough and rugged way
And been companions many a day
And will be to the last

For when the fates shall so decree
That then no more can comfort me
 Thy texture old and rotten
I too will then be old and gray
And I like thee will pass away
 And both will be forgotten

GOING DOWN THE HILL

When I was young and in my prime
 With nimble limbs and strong
But little sorrow then I knew
 For then my heart was young
I bravely toiled to win my bread
 No matter good or ill
But never thought in those bright days
 Of going down the hill

I battled hard with poverty
 To drive it from my door
When sickness and when sorrow came
 Their pangs I bravely bore
With loving wife and children too
 My humble cot to fill
And in my joy I never thought
 Of going down the hill

But age came on and silver threads
 Were scattered through my hair
And many a furrow on my brow
 Were marks of toil and care
My limbs grew feeble and my heart
 Began to feel a chill
For then I knew I'd reached the top
 And turning down the hill

With feeble steps I tottered on
 But fortune on me frowned
My dearest friends deserted me
 Like letters I was bound
But still I struggled with my fate
 Faint weary worn and ill
With many a jostle by the way
 In going down the hill

Now I am left without a home
 And every hope has gone
And O'er my heart a shadow falls
 For I am left alone

A little more of woe my cap
Of bitterness to fill
I soon shall drain its dregs and reach
The bottom of the hill

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

Yes Christmas is coming the Happy New Year
Is swiftly approaching and soon will be here
And hearts not oer shadowed with sorrow and care
For mirth and enjoyment begin to prepare

For joy and festivities now are at home
And feasting and pleasure will reign in the land
And every enjoyment that wealth can produce
Will be shared in all homes not too humble or poor

But are there not hearts that are heavy and sad
That the holliday will not make merry or glad
Where the sting of misfortune or sorrow or pain
Or worn out and weary by proverty's reign

Then let us be brothers and hunt out the poor
And with all the needy divide of our store
And cheer up the sorrowfull comfort the sad
And share with the needy and make ~~their~~ hearts glad

That none in our midst may have sorrow or grief
While kind words or actions will give them relief
That all may partake of our mirth and good cheer
A bright merry christmas and a happy new year

CHRISTMAS EVE

Tis Christmas Eve and everything
About the house is still
Three little little stockings on the wall
For Santa Clause to fill
Three children in the trundle bed
But cannot go to sleep
To catch a glimpse of Santa Clause
They from the cover peep

I've told them that he would not come
Till all within the house
Were fast asleep and everything
As quiet as a mouse
Tis twelve o'clock and now at last
To slumber they must yield

And Santa Clause has come and gone
Their stockings all are filled

So in the morning we shall hear
Then shout with noisy glee
For little makes such little ones
As happy as can be
So may we always bear in mind
That we may oft make glad
By little words or little deeds
A heart care worn and sad

NEW YEAR

Dear Children on this New Years Day
My thoughts are much of thee
And of the friends in years gone bye
That were so dear to me

When at the dear old cottage home
On each bright New Years Day
We met together one and all
To pass the time away

Where mirth and music dance and song
Were shared by one and all
And every heart was gay and light
In that dear cottage hall

But what a change our little band
Were drifting with the tide
A storm arose and wrecked our ship
And we are scattered wide

And some are in the churchyard laid
Beneath the silent clay
And others scattered o'er the land
Or wandered far away

And never more our little band
Will meet within the walls
For strangers pass its portals now
And dance within the hall

And if again we meet no more
Beneath the azure skies
Oh may we meet in that bright home
Where storms can never rise

MY 62nd BIRTHDAY

We have all been together yes all have been here
We have passed off the day in joy mirth and good cheer
Now all have departed and gone to their homes
And again I am sitting here sad and alone

Tis my birthday I'm sixty two years old to day
All the friends of my youth are just passing away
Then why am I left here to wander alone
In this cold dreary world when its pleasures are gone

SEED CIRCULAR

Dear Friends and old Patrons now listen to me
I've a few words to say which I think you'll agree
Will be good for us all in these very hard times
And save for our pockets a few precious dimes

In the years that are past I have furnished you seed
For your farm or your garden as you have need
And I've taken your produce and trade for my pay
But I never as yet have refused cash by the way

If I ever by chance got a dollar or two
The first man would get it who called for his due
And you in your turn might receive it again
If in this hard country you let it remain

But if you send money for seeds to the east
You will see it no more in this country at least
And the seeds from the south are worth nothing at best
You will waste all the money in them you invest

But you'll do far the best with the seeds raised at home
Or Brought from a climate as cold as our own
And let all the cash in the country remain
And give us a chance to behold it again

With thanks for past favors in seasons gone bye
I will hope in the future you will get your supper
From the seeds I send out or from me through the mail
Or call at my place where I keep them for sale

STENCIL CIRCULAR

Now friends you've toiled the summer through
To raise a little grain
To feed your wives and little ones
When winter comes again

Now don't be foolish as you've been
And sell it at the store
Or let the millers steal it all
As you have done before

But take a friends advice and mark
Your sacks in letters plain
For fear the sacks you take to mill
You'll never see again
But if your name in letters plain
Is printed on each sack
If thieves should steal your sack of grain
They'd surely bring it back

At Johnsons you can get your name
In letters any size
T'will do the job so neat and plain
T'will give you a surprize
And when you want to go to mill
You'll have to say no more
Good gracious all my sacks are gone
Just as they were before

But here they are I've found them all
The name is on them plain
These things are worth their weight in gold
In saving sacks and grain

TO MATHEW CALDWELL

Dear Friend we've met together here
On this your natal day
To join you in your mirth and cheer
And pass the time away
Then let us lay our cares aside
And children be again
Forget the many years gone by
Their sorrows and their pain

Yes for a day let us forget
The snow flakes on our hair
Our weary limbs our furrowed brow
All marks of toil and care
Let us forget the many scenes
Of sorrow we have passed
Cold hunger thirst exposure to
The cold and stormy blast

Of sickness death and all the pangs
That filled our eyes with tears
In passing on our journey through

These long and weary years
Yes for a day let all our cares
And toil be laid away
Let mirth and joy fill every heart
On this your natal day

Your years gone bye are sixty three
Just three times twenty one
Thrice you have passed majority
And still your work not done
So may you live for many years
And many birthdays see
And have more joy at eighty four
Than now at sixty three

FORTUNE

Oh what could fortune offer me
That I would prize above
The blessing of a happy home
With those I dearly love

Whose sunny smile would chase away
My sorrows doubts and fears
And calm my sad and weary heart
And wipe away my tears

Whose gentle voice of melody
Would drive away all care
And make a paradise on earth
For me with them to share

Oh such a home would be to me
A resting place on earth
From all the sorrows and the cares
To which each day gives birth

I'd smooth my pathway down the hill
And light me through the gloom
In passing on my journey to
The dark and silent tomb

FRIENDSHIP

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade
Since first we met in Eastern lands
And vows of friendship made
But coldness dwells within thy heart
A cloud is on thy brow

We have been friends together
Why should we not be now

We have been gay together
Thou wert my happy bride
And joy shone on thy features
When we were side by side
But laughter now has fled thy lips
A gloom is on thy brow
We have been gay together
Why should we not be now

We have been sad together
We've wept with bitter tears
O'er the silent grave where slumbered
Our hopes for future years
That voice that now is silent
Should bid thee clear thy brow
We have been sad together
But what should part us now

BACK AGAIN

Yes I have wandered back again
To that old cabin home
Where I have spent so many years
Before dark sorrow came
I've met my children and my friends
Who were so dear to me
And her who in those happy days
I loved so tenderly

I've wandered through the orchard too
I've stood within the hall
I've gazed upon the pictures there
Upon the parlor wall
I've marked each spot I knew so well
In years long past away
I've lived again those happy scenes
Of youths bright sunny day

THE LADY'S PET

He sits upon the store steps
His cigarette to smoke
And talk his silly nonsense
And pass his vulgar joke

He stares at every woman
That passes through the door

And whittles up the boxes
He finds arround the store

He stands arround the corners
He saunters up the street
To tattle and to gossip
With everyone he meets

He saunters in the parlor
He takes the easy chair
He flatters all the ladies
And talks his nonsense there

He whittles on the carpet
And smokes his cigarette
He does not think it vulgar
He is the ladies pet

THE LAST ROSE IN AUTUMN

Thou beautifull flower why comest thou hither
When the cold wintrywind is abroad in the land
For frost on thy petals will cause thee to shiver
And fall from thy stem by its withering hand

Oh no I'll not leave thee by cold winds to perish
So fondly I'll pluck thee and bear thee away
Thy beauty and fragrance so fondly I'll cherish
Till thy beauty shall fade and thy fragrance decay

Thou art last of thy race to my cabin I'll bear thee
Thy beauty shall fade in a vase on the wall
And while thou remainest thy presence shall cheer me
And thy fragrance shall float in my bachelors hall

FORTY YEARS AGO(1880)

I am sitting here alone Dan
In my old cabin home
And visions of the years gone bye
Unbidden to me come
And many faces I behold
Of friends we used to know
When we were boys together Dan
Just forty years ago

Things are not as they were then Dan
Especially the girls
They did not wear their pinbacks then
Their switches braids and curls

Eight homespun yards would make a dress
For those we used to know
They spun and wove and made it then
Just forty years ago

They took their music lessons then
Upon the spinning wheel
And time was measured by the skions
And knots upon the reel
They learned to dance by housework then
And kneading up the dough
And doing up the kitchen work
Just forty years ago

They then were fair and healthy Dan
And always looked so neat
And when we met at spelling school
Oh how our hearts would beat
For fear some other fellow Dan
Would cut us out you know
And leave us on the door step
Just forty years ago

But many years have past since then
No more such girls we find
The girls we meet with now a days
Are of a different kind
They look more like a wasp then like
The girls we used to know
And take them home from spelling school
Just forty years ago

They now wear braids and switches
And pin back pads and lace
And squeeze themselves so tightly
They are purple in the face
They dance all night at parties
And flirt with every beau
And think it low to work like those
Of forty years ago

To reach down to the carpet
They get upon their knees
They burst their stays whenever
They are obliged to sneeze
They lounge upon the sofa
Ma does the work you know
It was not so with those dear girls
Of forty years ago

Then I am perhaps tis better
That we are growing old
And soon with our companions
Will gather to the fold
For were we young and handsome
How could we play the beau
There's not one left like those dear girls
Of forty years ago

TO ALICE

In the cold silent grave we have laid her away
So sweetly she slumbers beneath the cold clay
But many a heart swells with sorrow and gloom
When we think of the dear one we've laid in the tomb

How sadly we'll miss her around the old home
Where the children are waiting for Mother to come
No more to her bosom their forms will she press
No more will they feel a fond Mother's caress

Yes sadly we'll miss her when in the gay throng
We mingle our voices in mirth and in song
At meetings at parties in parlor or hall
We shall think of the dear one and tear drops will fall

But God in his wisdom has called her away
Then why should we murmur or wish her to stay
In this cold dreary world full of sorrow and pain
When we know that ere long we shall meet her again

THE HOLLIDAYS

The hollidays again have come
Another year has passed and gone
And in its tide has borne away
The friends I loved in childhood's day
When I was young and but a boy
Those days I hailed with childish joy
But now they bring but sighs and tears
And toll away the passing year

And of the few thats left to me
One now is in eternity
They bring grey hairs to me and plow
The wrinkles deeper on my brow
They dim my sight my body bend
And assure me life is near its end
They rob me of my friends and home
And leave me friendless and alone

CHILDREN AND FRIENDS

Dear Children and Friends I must bid you adieu
For a short time I now must be absent from you
There are other dear friends who are looking for me
And I am quite anxious their faces to see

Those dear little children who love me so well
I shall think of them often wherever I dwell
And pray for their welfare wherever I roam
Until I shall return to the dear ones at home

May God in His mercy preserve us I pray
Until I shall return in some near future day
And keep us in safety until life shall be o'er
And we meet past the shadows to part never more

THE MISSIONARY

Brother Joseph and Albert we meet with you here
Tis perhaps the last time for a long weary year
And we wish here to say that when with you we part
You still will retain a warm place in each heart

And altho we with pleasure shall bid you good bye
Tis with sad heavy hearts and with tears in our eye
And a prayer to our father to keep you from ill
While you shall be absent your mission to fill

At morning and evening whenever we pray
We shall ask him to bless you wherever you stray
And keep you from sickness temptation and pain
Until you return to your loved ones again

And while you are absent keep God for your friend
And ask him to guide you your cause to defend
And keep you away from temptation and sin
And firm in the cause you are laboring in

And when the time comes that your labor is done
May you find many sheaves that your labor has won
And return to your home wives children and friends
We shall meet you with joy when your pilgrimage ends

TO JOSEPH

Your letter was duly received my Dear Boy
And we all have perused it with pleasure and joy
For it brot us the news that you still have good health
And we hope t'will continue tis better than wealth

Then there was the picture oh what a surprise
We have gazed on it fondly with tears in our eyes
And I almost imagine tis going to say
Good morning to you Father how are you today

I have shown it arround to your friends one and all
And now it hangs up in a frame on the wall
And I've heard many kindly expressions today
And some of them asked me to give it away
But as long as I live I shall let it hang there
With a few score of others I prize very dear
It will be but a very short time till I go
Then the children will shere all my keep sakes you know

Your children and Anna quite well have all been
I was spending last evening at Georges with them
And Don and Cecelcia were also there too
And we often were thinking and talking of you
All the rest of your friends about here are quite well
But Amos with Francis has had a bad spell
Of diptheria but now she is getting all right
So he said in a letter I got the other night

The winter has been very open till now
I was thinking we soon should be starting the plow
But tis cloudy to night and I think it will storm
For the air out of doors is quite pleasant and warm
From Oss and Nellie I got not a word
They has not reached Logan the last that I heard
But I think when they come I shall go with them home
For tis lonely to weer out the winter alone

But you'll write to me here for I soon shall return
For you know with my seeds I a living must earn
And my mail will come to me wherever I be
I shall look for your letters so write them to me
There is nothing more now I can think of to write
So will close up my letter and bid you good night
With a hope you will live to return with much joy
When your mission is finished God bless you My Boy

WHEN WITH OUR FRIENDS WE'RE FORCED TO PART

When with our friends we're forced to part
Oh how it rends the drooping heart
But when we know we part forever
Oh how it makes the heartstrings sever
Then may we not a hope maintain
That we ere long shall meet again
To spend the few years of our life
Together free from toil and strife

With friends and children while we stay
That we in peace may pass away
Well knowing that our work is done
And crowns of glory we have won
Then give to me a word of cheer
To comfort me while I am here
That we may meet some future day
In lands that now are far away

GUESSING

Today I have been thinking o'er
The mischief done in guessing
And think if I could tell my thoughts
Perhaps t'would be a blessing

For we are apt to make remarks
That do not prove so pleasant
About imaginary faults
Of those who are not present

And often times an idle word
That we have rashly spoken
Has injured some dear friend of ours
And ties of friendship broken

I guess that Mr. So and So
Is not what he should be
For I was told the other night
That him and Mrs. C.

Were seen together at the gate
At nine the other night
And that would indicate to me
That all things were not right

And there is Mr. whats his name
Who used to be so poor
And now he's getting rich so fast
He owns one half the store

And he has built him a new house
Owns other property
I guess his riches has not all
Been got by honesty

I wonder if Miss so and so
Thinks people do not know
What she went to the city for
With Mister so and so

She tried to keep it all so still
She thinks she's smart no doubt
But every body knows it now
The gossips found it out

Oh don't Mrs Jenkins put on airs
And try to cut a swell
You'd think to see her on the street
She really was a belle

Of twenty one but I am sure
She's fifty five or more
I guess she wants to catch a beau
A fortune to secure

It's very clear that old man J
Is after widow B
And he expects she'll marry him
But that must never be

They say he's got his recommend
I think it is a shame
That such a man should have a wife
The bishop is to blame

And then there is the widow B
Down on the other street
I see the old man there to day
They say they often meet

There must be something wrong I'm sure
Somebody ought to go
And see what business he has there
And let the people know

THE OLD MAN'S DARLING

Would you be an old man's darling
Would you be his loving wife
Would you smooth his lonely pathway
Down the turbid stream of life

Would you speak kind words of comfort
Would you chase his cares away
Would you try to love an old man
Who is wrinkled old and grey

Would you do this you'r an angel
I have met along my way
Who will fill my life with sunshine
Turn my darkness into day

Who will drive away my sorrow
Make my life a sunny dream
While I'm passing through the valley
Down life's dark and turbid stream

If your love is pure and faithfull
Till we pass beyond the grave
Would you be an old man's Darling
Or a young man's Humble Slave

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS

I am sitting here a thinking
And the question comes to me
And I'd like to have it answered now
If such a thing can be
Tis a thing of great importance
And the question it is this
Is it anybody's business
What anothers business is

Is it anybodys business
If a man should wish to wed
And he calls upon a lady
With that notion in his head
And the lady is quite willing
To except him for a beau
Is it anybodys business
But their own I'd like to know

If a couple wish to marry
On the street or in the hall
And they call upon the justice
Both agreeing to it all
And he says the ceremony
That will change the two to one
Is it anybodys business
Please to tell me but their own

When you go up town some morning
You might hear some shocking tale
Of some brother or some sister
Who had proven weak or frail
Should you go about and tell it
That the people all may know
Or say not a word about it
But I hope it is not so

If a coal mine has been opened
And the owners all agree

On a price to sell the coal at
To the public you or me
And the coal is mined and lying there
Already to be sold
Is it any bodys business
What the price is for the coal

Should the Bishop take a notion
Now and then to have his way
Should we rise and fight against him
Or be passive and obey
While we hold him in position
Should he lead us or be led
These are some of the great question
That are running in my head

There was once a time when Joseph
Gave the Saints a little key
And he said if they would heed it
It would bring prosperity
It was simply mind your business
It was called the Mormon Creed
But He's gone perhaps tis better now
His council not to heed

He was nothing but a foggy
Of a very early day
With his precepts and his councils
We have nearly done away
But the question is before me
How to answer do not miss
Is it anybodys business
What anothers business is

If it is or if it is not
I would really like to know
For I know that if it is not
There are some who make it so
For they gather on the corners
And they gossip everywhere
Whether your business is my business
Or whose business it are

TO DAVID

Dear Friends we have gathered together today
A tribute of love to our Brother to pay
Who will leave us ere long for a far distant land
To preach to the nations as Christ did command

Then let us all join and in unison pray
That God will protect him while he is away

And keep him from danger temptation and ill
While he shall be absent his mission to fill

That the spirit of God may attend him each day
As a lamp to his feet that will show him the way
And enlighten his mind against error to fight
While he preaches the truth and contends for the right

Now we say to you Brother be faithfull and true
And God will protect you and see you safe through
He will raise you up friends if you trust to his arm
Who will shelter and feed you and keep you from harm

And in whatever country or land you may stray
Your friends here will ever remember to pray
For your safety prosperity welfare and life
Until you return to friends children and wife

And when you have finished you mission away
May we all meet again neath this roof as today
And may joy peace and happiness ever attend
You while you're away is the wish of your friends

TO DAVID

We have met you here tonight Brother D
For we thought it would be right Brother D
Since it may be many a day
Ere we meet with you this way
But we shall for you pray Brother D
That the Lord may be your guide Brother D
And you may in Him abide Brother D
May you have the gift of speech
To enable you to teach
And the word of God to preach Brother D
May you always meet with friends Brother D
Until your mission ends Brother D
And when your work is done
May we meet here everyone
As we all this day have done Brother D
But while you are away Brother D
Do not fail to watch and pray Brother D
That the Lord your mouth will fill
And preserve you from all ill
While you do his holly will Brother D
May you many converts gain Brother D
While you absent shall remain Brother D.
But when the time shall come
To return to friends and home
May you know all is well done Brother D

RETASPECTION

Before the glass that my wrinkles doth show
 With comb case and wash stand and bason below
 And above is a motto encased in a band
 A gift from my daughter and made by her hand

 Near bye is the cupboard twas made by myself
 With all sorts of dishes arrayed on each shelf
 Some were gifts from my friends some were bought at the store
 An odd lot you would say were you looking them o'er

 Then there is the tinware arrayed on the wall
 The bread board the rolling pin stove ware a d all
 And the old cooking stove stands below on the floor
 And the bed in the corner stands near the shop door

 At the foot is my trunk which is filled to the brim
 With all sorts of plunder all roughly stowed in
 Then there is two or three chairs I believe that is all
 That makes up the store of my bachelors hall

 Should you chance to step in and look over the place
 You at once would declare tis a shame and disgrace
 In a country where women so plenty are seen
 To live in a cabin so low and so mean

 There is litter and dirt scattered over the floor
 And an old dirty towel hangs up on the door
 And the bed is not made and the fire has gone out
 And the things in the room are all scattered about

 Every dish in the cupboard is covered with dust
 The knives forks and spoons are all tarnished with rust
 You would think it had pas'ed through a terrible squall
 And turned things topsy turvy in my bachelors hall

 Oh why am I doomed to endure such a life
 Oh where are those loved ones my children and wife
 And where are the friends of my youths sunny day
 Like the dew in the sun they have vanished away

 But those who have passed o'er the river of time
 They are calling to me from a happier clime
 Then why should I linger but answer their call
 And leave this cold world with my bachelors hall

WISHING

In trying to amuse myself
 A subject wise or witty
 I sometimes try to study up
 To form a little ditty

And in the catalogue at last
By hunting and by fishing
I've hit upon the very thing
The harmless one of wishing

And if by chance I get my wish
T'will better our condition
And if I don't t'will do no harm
For there's no harm in wishing
I wish that people would be true
And kind to one another
And to each other truly be
A sister or a brother

I wish that happiness and love
And every human passion
That has its oragen above
Would come and keep in fashion
I wish that pride and vanity
And every low ambition
Was banished from the human race
And lowered to perdition

I wish that people would not speak
So ill of one another
But always have a gentle word
For sister or for brother
I wish there were no thieves to steal
Or rob a friend or neighbor
But always spend their time instead
In doing honest labor

I wish that all who are so fond
Of other people's teaching
Would take their own advice themselves
And practice all their preaching
I wish that people would not mind
The business of another
Or spend their time to Vilefy
And scandalize each other

I wish that people who have wealth
Would help the poor and needy
Instead of hoarding up their gold
So covetous and greedy
I wish religion could be worn
On Saturday or Monday
Or any week day just the same
As it is worn on Sunday

I wish that people would not tell
 So many lies in trading
But tell the honest truth instead
 Of falsehood so degrading
I wish that liquor was not used
 By drunkards who abuse it
But only used as medicine
 Or where we need to use it

I wish tobacco was not known
 To those who smoke or chew it
They would be wiser better men
 And richer if they knew it
I wish young men would spend their time
 In doing honest labor
Instead of going arround the street
 Disturbing every neighbor

I wish that women would not try
 To follow every fashion
And make themselves ridiculous
 By putting such vile trash on
I wish they'd wear their homespun now
 That gave them health and beauty
Long years ago ere fashion wiles
 Had let them from their duty

I wish our wives were honest now
 Kind gentle true and loving
Discarding vice and flattery
 Our help mates truly proving
I wish that husbands would be true
 Kind gentle and forbearing
To wives and children ever kind
 Their joys and sorrows sharing

I wish that children would incline
 To study and to learning
Our good examples proffit by
 Our bad examples spurning
I wish we had just gold enough
 Obtained by honest labor
To satisfy our every want
 Ourselves our friend our neighbor

AN APOSTROPHE

Go fill the glorious mission
 That God has given thee
Een though we part in sorrow
 We wish prosperity

On thee may all the blessings
That Heaven can bestow
Repose while on thy journey
Of pilgrimage below

Go bear with thee our blessing
And prayers that thou mayest be
Encircled by His presence
Through out thy ministry

Thy name shall be remembered
When in our secret prayer
Each evening and each morning
We seek protecting care

Around thy heart entwining
May happiness be found
Secure from all temptation
May joy and peace abound

Dear Friend may life be happy
For many years to come
Ere thou art called to leave it
To find a better home

Long may the good examples
And precepts thou has given
Live in our hearts to help us
To find our way to Heaven

IS THE OLD HOME LONELY

Children is the old home lonely
Since I've wandered far away
Is my name sometimes remembered
When you bow the knee to pray

When you gather round the fireside
Is there then a vacant chair
Do you think of him thats absent
With a wish that he was there

When the evening shadows gather
And the dayly toil is o'er
Do you listen for my footsteps
At the dear old cottage door

Do you think of me at evening
When retiring to your bed
Do you ask of him a blessing
On your wandering Father's head

Wandering o'er the earth so dreary
Without home or friends to love
Never more to mingle with you
Till we meet in Heaven above

A LONELY CHRISTMAS

(At Fountain Green on my way to Castle Valley 1884.)

Tis winter the snow is fast falling
The trees are all bare of their leaves
The beautiful streams are all frozen
The icicles hang to the eaves
The Christmas bells merrily ringing
Theres music and mirth in the air
The tables are sumptuously loaded
With dainties and delicate fare

All friendless and homeless I wander
Earth's pleasures no more to enjoy
With no one to share in my exile
Excepting my brave hearted boy
He patiently bears cold and hunger
But his bravery causes me pain
For I know that he thinks of his Mother
And longs to with her again

How sad is the change in my fortune
I once was respected by all
When the holidays came there were plenty
To gather in parlor and hall
And plenty to sit round my table
And plenty to flatter and smile
For feasting and dancing were frequent
And none were suspected of guile

While fortune smiled friends gathered round me
So trusting and loving and kind
But when fortune frowned they all left me
Like chaff in the warm summer wind
But tis well for I now can discover
The chaff has all gone with the wind
And the few grains of wheat that was with it
Is left in the garner behind

MUSING

(Written at Fountain Green on my way to Castle Valley 1884.)

The clock has struck the hour of one
And I am sitting here alone

The busy world is fast asleep
And visions o'er my fancy creep
The years long past away I seen
To live again in fancy's dream

Again my childhood home I see
I'm sitting by my Mother's knee
With Father Sisters Brothers all
Are gathered in the cottage hall

Again the fields I wander o'er
And call the fragrant flowers once more
And in the orchard watch the bee
And live the scenes of infancy

The visions changes year by year
The Prophet Joseph's voice I hear
Proclaiming to the world the news
First to the gentiles then the jews

That God again has set his hand
To gatherout from every land
The pure in heart to do his will
His latter day work to fulfill

Oh what a scene now comes to view
The Patriarch and Prophet too
Within a prisons walls are cast
And mobs disguised are gathering fast

They charge and open bursts the door
And leaves them weltering in their gore
Oh what a sight now meets my gaze
Their cherished Temple in a blaze

Their cities all in ruin lie
And old and young are forced to fly
Through summers sun and winters snow
The women children all must go

And leave their homes and wealth behind
Far in the west a home to find
Their food and clothing scant each day
And many perish by the way

A brighter scene I now behold
Men women children young and old
Are gathering in a pleasant land
Far from the spoilers cruel home

In peace they dwell far from their foes
The desert blossoms like the rose

Large cities now appear in view
And churches halls and temples to

With spreading farms and golden grain
And orchards scattered o'er the plain
With peace and plenty joy and health
And by industry stores of wealth

The vision changes once again
Their foes have crossed the desert plain
They've reached our peacefull quiet shore
And now are in our midst once more

They try our leaders to annoy
Our farms and peacefull homes destroy
To rob us of our fair domain
And drive us from our homes again

Oh Lord where shall thy people go
To serve thee in this world below
We still will trust thine arm to guide
For Thou wilt show us where to hide

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

Now boys as I am growing old
And soon shall pass away
I wish to say a word to you
To help you on your way
The lessons I have learned through life
I wish to teach to you
That they may help you when you try
To paddle your own canoe

In starting out in life my boys
Let truth your watch word be
Let virtue ever be your guide
And bear you company
Let haughtiness be cast away
And pride and envy to
And lay hypocrisy aside
And paddle your own canoe

Let slander never pass your lips
Keep words of censure in
Speak kindly to the erring one
You know not why they sin
For many a craft is wrecked and lost
When sunlight peeps not through
In storms kind words like sunlight helps
To paddle your own canoe

Win many friends tho trust but few
Guard well the words you say
For you will many a traitor find
In passing on your way
When words are spoken carelessly
They oft much mischief do
Speak kindly or speak not at all
But paddle your own canoe

Should you be called to give advice
Be carefull what you teach
Let it not tend to gender strife
But practice what you preach
Plain simple council kindly given
With chosen words and few
Is better far than flattery
But paddle your own canoe

Perhaps you'll say I did not heed
The lessons I have taught
Tis very true and many times
They dearly have been bought
Tis what experience has taught
Much good twill bring to you
If you will proffit by my words
And paddle your own canoe

MY 61st BIRTHDAY

Now swiftly glide the years away
That brings about my Natal Day
Till now they talley sixty one
And I am almost left alone

The just so very short has been
And yet what sorrows I have seen
Of blighted hopes of friends untrue
All vanished like the morning dew

In youth they passed so slowly bye
And now they almost seem to fly
And with their tide they bear away
The Friends of youths bright sunny day

Till nearly all have passed away
And left me wrinkled old and grey
To linger till my turn shall come
To meet them in a brighter home

FAR AWAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

(At Castle Valley (Huntington) about 1885 or 1886)

Far away among the mountains
Where the wild winds whistle free
I have reared my lowly cabin
For my little boy and me
And we try to be contented
With our lonely humble lot
While we try to earn a living
And to beautify our cot

When we rise from bed each morning
He a breakfast will prepare
For his four white snowy rabbits
Which he tends with constant care
Then the chickens get their rations
And the two pigs in the pen
And our good old faithfull Major
Who our friend has always been

Then our gentle yellow ponies
Must be fed and watered too
When we rise from bed each morning
This is what we have to do
Then Maria calls to breakfast
We are ready him and me
This will close the morning service
For our little family

Soon our breakfast we have finished
I must to the garden now
While he harnesses the horses
To the harrow or the plow
Then I toil till I am weary
For you know I'm not so spry
And my limbs are not as supple
As they were in years gone bye

But I cannot now be idle
The few years that now remain
Though my heart is full of sorrow
And my body full of pain
And I find myself oft musing
O'er the changes of this life
Once I thought myself so favored
I had children friends and wife

Friends! No No I never had them
Though that name they long have borne
They have flattered me in sunshine
To betray me in the storm

They have fled away and left me
A much sader wiser man
But I'll proffit by the lesson
And do all the good I can

And perhaps the clouds that darkly
Over shadow me today
May be rifted and the sunlight
May again shine on my way
For a hope still whispers to me
Ere I close this weary life
I may still see days of sunshine
With my children friends and wife

A CALL

(A call to see the sick, 3 miles from Huntington, about 1885 or 6.)

It was late I had only retired to my bed
And visions of slumber just filling my head
A rap on my door gracious who can it be
A soft woman's voice is there speaking to me

Come arise from thy slumber and go where I lead
Where sickness and sorrow thy services need
Where life may be saved by thy words of good cheer
Far Far I have wandered to seek for you here

Ah me must I go it is far far away
I am weary and worn with the toils of the day
They are strangers that call yet perhaps it may be
A service no other can render but me

All the sorrows a heart can endure I have borne
In sickness and sorrow deserted forlorn
I have suffered the pangs of thirst hunger and ale
Deserted by all when I'm feeble and ol

It has taught me a lesson while life shall remain
I will stand by the bedside of sorrow and pain
And the calls of humanity ever shall be
In sickness and sorrow attended by me

I will go and God grant I a service may lend
To those who are needing in sorrow a friend
For I've learned that a friend is more precious than gold
And so rare that their value can never be told

CASTLE VALLEY

Good friends and neighbors everywhere
Who want a new location

I'll tell you of the nicest place
There is in all creation
Where you can make a pleasant home
Amongst good honest neighbors
In peace and happiness enjoy
The fruits of all your labors

Chorus:

Then come my boys who want a farm
Around the standard rally
And bring your wives and little ones
To build up Castle Valley

Where land is plenty water too
To use whenever you wish to
And in the Mountains lots of wood
The streams are full of fish too
There's timber on the mountain side
For building and for fencing
To build the bridges make the roads
We now are just commencing

Chorus:

Tis not away in Mexico
With Spaniards for your neighbor
Nor Arizona's sultry clime
To swelter while you later
Nor Colorado where the snow
Fills every nook and alley
But here in Utah's pleasant vales
Bright sunny Castle Valley

Chorus:

This country must be all improved
And that you may rely on
Then come and lend a helping hand
To build this part of Zion
Then if you want a home come on
There is no time to dally
The settlers fast are coming in
To build up Castle Valley

THE FACES ON THE WALL

(Thoughts on looking at the pictures on the wall at Huntington, 1887)

They are looking down upon me
Those dear faces on the wall
They are friends I long have cherished
Dearly loved them one and all

They have gone away and left me
Almost friendless and alone
Some are wandering o'er the country
Some to foreign parts have gone

Some are lying in the church yard
Neath the cold and silent clay
Yet they seem to smile upon me
As I gaze on them today

There's my Mother speak it gently
She was very dear to me
There's my brothers and my sisters
Whom I never more may see

There's my wives Oh how I loved them
Back oh back the starting tear
They have gone away and left me
And I'm sad and lonely here

There's my children oh how sadly
Are my thoughts of them today
Some are lying in the churchyard
Some have wandered far away

Yet a few still linger near me
On my pathway shedding light
But our little band is drifting
Slowly drifting out of sight

There are friends I've fondly cherished
When this life was in its bloom
Some are scattered o'er the country
Some are resting in the tomb

Yet they seem to smile upon me
From their perch upon the wall
And the tears are coursing downward
As names I now recall

And my heart is sad and heavy
As their faces now appear
And I almost feel their presence
And their voices seem to hear

But those bright and sunny faces
Who were once so kind and true
They are leaving me and drifting
Slowly drifting from my view

JULY 31st 1851

Oh Yes my boy this a day
That I remember well
And shall on each succeeding year
That I on earth shall dwell

For on this day long years ago
The years were thirty three
Long we had traveled on the plains
My children wives and me

Long long the way oer Sandy plans
With neither feed or wood
And often did we almost faint
For water and for food

But on this day at noon we reached
A clear and running stream
And on its borders all along
The grass was growing green

T'was here where white man never trod
To me was born a son
While we were on the desert plains
In eighteen fifty one

A DREAM

In the midst of my slumbers I dreamed a strange dream
And it puzeled my brain to know what it did mean
For it seemed a sad picture if such things could be
Under liberty's banner the land of the free

It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on polygamies heads should be laid
And in order to make them all glad to unmarry
The tax was too large for a poor man to carry

The polygamists grumbled and said t'was no use
T'was unlawfull unjust it was horrid abuse
To submit to such laws they would never be willing
And unless they were forced to they would not pay a shilling

The rulers determined their scheme to pursue
Sent lawyers and marshals and judges no jew
And to line all their pockets sent plenty of cash
Polygamy now must go down with a smash

They started in business arrested a few
They tried them and fined and imprisoned them too

But they stoutly declared they would never unnarry
Altho in the prison they forced them to tarry

So they tried a few more but with no better luck
For they found the polygamists brain full of pluck
They would stay there in prison the rest of their lives
Before they'd abandon their children and wives

So they kept up the scheme till the prison was filled
And once in awhile one was shot down and killed
But what did they care for their poor worthless lives
When they would not abandon their children and wives

So they tried and acquitted the shooter at once
To shoot down another when he got a chance
But they felt quite unsettled what next they should do
For they found everyone to their families true

And altho they would offer free pardon to such
Not one would admit he was married too much
So they counceiled to try to find some little flaw
To make it appear all had broken the law

So that congress would send out the troops here in haste
To kill off the Mormons the country lay waste
To give them a chance to inherit the spoil
That the Mormons had gained by their labor and toil

Now this is my dream I have told it to you
In a land famed for liberty can it be true
Or am I still dream ng ere long to awake
And find that my dreaming was all a mistake

THE BACHELORS HALL (1836)

Ye poets may sing of the trials and troubles
Of the man who must live with a cross scolding wife
And children who make the house look like a stable
And always in mischief to worry his life

It is nothing compared with the man who has neither
And lives all alone in his bachelors hall
When he comes home at night theres no light in his window
And no one to greet him or come at his call

He enters his cabin to over chairs stumble
He feels for the matches in darkness and gloom
They are not to be found so he swears and he rumbles
And wanders around the dark silent room

At last a light kindled to satisfy nature
He goes to the cupboard for something to eat
A few crusts of bread and a few cold potatoes
And perhaps in the corner some scraps of cold meat

They soon are brought out on an old dirty table
With dishes as dirty as dirty can be
He sits himself down but to eat he's not able
His appetite craves nothing there he can see

Then tired and faint to the bedside he glances
It is just as he left it the morning before
He puts out the light and to it advances
Gets under the cover and his days work is o'er

But the night is before him to think of his sorrow
Alone and un-aided for in darkness and dread
His slumbers are broken and when on the morrow
He rises he almost could wish himself dead

Then give me a wife tho she scold me and vex me
And give me my children their mischief and all
And give me my friends though they often perplex me
And take from my sight the old bachelors hall

TO SISTER

Dear Sister tis true I have not seen thy face
But to say that I love thee I feel no disgrace
For Christ has commanded to love one another
So I surely may give thee the love of a brother

Thy heart long ago like a book I have read
Thou hast sheltered the Saints thou hast given them bread
Thou hast opened thy door to the servants of God
While they were proclaiming salvation abroad

Now these are the words of the Savior to thee
If thou hast done it to them thou has done it to me
Thy deeds I have known thy have given me joy
In a land far away thou hast sheltered my boy

Thou hast friends here in Zion who ever will pray
That God in his mercy will open the way
That thou mayest be path led with us find a home
Your friends here in Utah invite you to come

Yes come to the land where the house of the Lord
Is open to those who have lived by his word
May peace and contentment and joy without end
Be thine while you live is the wish of your friend

CHILDHOOD AGAIN

Tis said that fate has so decreed
That when our lives shall wane
And we have gained a ripe old age
That childhood comes again

A happy change if it will blot
The years that lie between
And give me back my childhood days
As innocent as them

And drive forever from my mind
The sorrow and the pain
And all the cares and ills of life
And banish every stain

That lies between these childhood days
That memory brings to me
When in that dear old cottage home
Beside my mother's knee

If this can be let childhood come
I hail the change with joy
To live again those happy scenes
As when I was a boy

But if those years must still remain
When manhood years are o'er
Then lay me calmly in the grave
Where sorrow comes no more

WHY DID SHE LEAVE ME

Why did she leave me we long were together
Sharing the sorrows and joys of this life
Never asunder in fair or foul weather
She was my idol my own cherished wife
When we first met she was young and light hearted
I was in manhood brave hearted and bold
Never a thought we should ever be parted
Why did she leave me because I am old

Many long years we have toiled on together
Age has come on and our childhood is past
Children arround us and grand children gather
Wrinkles are deep on my forehead at last
Now the few years that remain I must wander
Sad and alone through the heat and the cold
Often in twilight I silently ponder
Why did she leave me because I am old

When in her youth we were happy together
 Fair as the lilly and pure as the snow
 Pride and base flattery caused us to sever
 Now I must wander in sorrow and woe
 Dark are the clouds that arround will hover
 While I remain in this life dark and cold
 Soon will the grave all my loneliness cover
 Why did she leave me because I am old

POETIC

Yes when I have time I sometimes write a rhyme
 For this is a pleasure to me
 And if I please others our sisters and brothers
 I don't see what harm there can be
 But if I'm a poet I'm sure I don't know it
 Altho flatters say it is so
 But in sending my name I shall harbor no blame
 Altho in the waste basket it go

Yet Longfellow says he's no patience with those
 Who by inspiration make rhyme
 But I do not agree with such fellows you see
 It has helped me yes many a time
 So my name I will send as I would to a friend
 With a hope it service may be
 But if not I will ask it be thrown in the basket
 With others as foolish as me

TO LAURA (Death of baby)

Tis hard to part with those dear friends
 We've loved and cherished here
 To lay them in the cold cold grave
 How bitter is the tear
 But when we think how short the time
 Our weary life is o'er
 Then we shall meet with those we love
 To dwell forever more

O may this be a star of hope
 To help you bear the pain
 And soothe the anguish of thy heart
 To know you'll meet again
 Oh what a joy will then be yours
 On that bright sunny shore
 Where death and sorrow cannot come
 And parting is no more

TO JOHN WEST
(Starting on a mission)

Dear Friends once again we have met here together
A tribute of friendship to offer our brother
Who with many others is called to go forth
To help in the latter day mission on earth

Then let us remember their names when we pray
That God will protect them while they are away
And keep them from sorrow temptation and pain
Until they shall return back to Zion again

And now my Dear Brother to thee we will say
Be faithfull and true and forget not to pray
Put your trust in the Lord He will ever be nigh
To keep you from evil your wants to supply

And altho the dark clouds may be thick on your way
Remember that God is your help and your stay
He will raise you up friends he will keep you from harm
If you ask Him in faith and will trust to His arm

We all shall remember you oft in our prayers
And ask Him to shield you from danger and snares
And keep you from sickness from sorrow and pain
Till you shall return to your kindred again

And when the time comes that your mission is done
May you find many souls that your labors have won
And return to your friends brothers sisters and Mother
Tis the wish of your friends God bless you our Brother

SWEET DESERET

Sweet Deseret our mountain home
We hold thy memory dear
Thy birthday we will celebrate
On each succeeding year
We love thy mountains and thy hills
O'er which the savage roam
We love thy vallies and thy plains
Our lovely mountain home

Just eight and sixty years to day
Our banner was unfurled
On EsSIGN Peak our loyalty
To show to all the world
A little band of Pioneers
Had o'er the Desert come
And found the place God had prepared
Our lovely mountain home

Among the rugged snow capped hills
These fertile vallies lay
Reserved to gather up the Saints
In this the latter day
Now Saints from every land and clime
Have to these vallies come
To build up Zion and to share
Our lovely mountain home

The twenty forth day of July
We celebrate with cheers
In memory of those valient men
The noble Pioneers
Who with their wives and children too
O'er desert plains did come
Until they reached this pleasant land
Our lovely mountain home

And here they raised the banner high
The stripes and stars so dear
And here they sent up shouts of joy
To God who led them here
Since then has thousands gathered here
From every land they come
To dwell with Saints of God and share
Our lovely mountain home

And happy homes are scattered now
O'er valley plain and hill
And temples have been raised to God
That we may learn His will
Where once the savage used to dwell
And wild Beast used to roam
The Saints have made a paradise
A lovely mountain home

And as the years shall come and go
While we shall dwell on earth
Still may we celebrate the day
That gave our home a birth
And may our children yet unborn
For many years to come
Remember those brave Pioneers
Who found our mountain home

STARS AND STRIPES FOR THE LADIES

Yes when we are courting the ladies they try
To appear pure and bright as the stars in the sky
But it sometimes occurs when we make them a wife
That we find many dark muddy stripes in their life

Then we find before marriage like stars they appear
But we find the stripes later which sometimes cost dear
So tis true of some ladies they're stars ere they wed
But stripes after marriage are blue white and red

MY LOT

My lot is cast with those who tread
The humble walks of life with feet
That oft are weary begging bread
And blistered with the dust and heat
I see arround me those whose life
Is but a dream of joy untold
Who are free from want and care and strife
And all they touch soon turns to gold
But all the story of my years
Is but a tale of sighs and tears

Why is it so can it be true
That fortune is a fickle jade
And has her pets on whom to strew
Her favors and her smiles unstaged
And frowns on others as they pass
And scatters sorrow want and woe
And leaves no sunshine in their path
Through this dark life on earth below
For all the story of my years
Is but a tale of sighs and tears

It may be when this life is o'er
To us a happy change may come
When we have reached the other shore
Perhaps we'll find a better home
And find the trials here below
Our little faults have chased away
And those whose life was only joy
Still have those little debts to pay
Then all the story of our years
Will not be mixed with sighs and tears

I HAVE FRIENDS AMONG THE CHILDREN

I have friends amongst the children
And I often see them here
Their merry hearts and winsome ways
Bring to my heart good cheer
They scatter rays of sunshine
Arround my lonely home
And makes my heart feel lighter
I'm glad to see them come

Their peels of merry laughter
Their shouts of joyous mirth
They make my lonely cabin
A brighter spot on earth
But when I'm in my cabin
Deserted and alone
My thoughts will wander backwards
To scenes long past and gone

To scenes of pain and sorrow
Too dark for words to tell
When cruelly deserted
By those I loved so well
By those whom I had trusted
And cherished many years
They've left me in my sorrow
To waste my life in tears

TO MANTI

(This was the winter after my return from Manti in 1888.)

The time has now arrived
For us to haste away
As winter is approaching
No longer we'll delay
Lest storms upon the mountains
Should meet us on our way
As we go over to Manti

We there shall meet our friends
In the temple of the Lord
And for our dead and living friends
We'll work with one accord
And There receive the ordinances
According to His word
When we get over to Manti

So Peter hitch your team up
For you must take the lead
A half a dozen others now
Are ready to proceed
For the lateness of the season
Will require a little speed
As we go over to Manti

So now we have to get started
And are ready on our way
We are ten miles up the canyon
Tis the middle of the day

We'll feed our teams and lunch awhile
But must not long delay
As we go over to Manti

About fifteen miles farther
We halted for the night
The snow was gently falling
The stars had hid their light
But where we spread our blankets
The fire was burning bright
As we went over to Manti

The next day o'er the mountains
We traveled through the snow
While baling at the coal beds
The chilly winds did blow
But still we traveled onwards
To the vallies down below
As we went over to Manti

The here we seperated
I went to Fountain Green
To visit with my children
For years I had not seen
Two days I tarried with them
A happy time I ween
As we went over to Manti

We then resumed our journey
To Ephriam there to find
Our company awaiting us
Whom they had left behind
With other friends who proved to be
So gentle and so kind
As we went over to Manti

One Sabbath day we lingered
Their kindness we did share
And then away to Manti
We quickly did repair
And soon within the temple
We gained admission there
As we went over to Manti

Two happy days we lingered
In the temple of the Lord
To work for friends and kindred
And listen to his word
And then our faces homeward
We turned with one accord
When we went over to Manti

Then we hastened on our journey
Lest storms upon the way
Should meet us in the mountains
And cause us much delay
But fortune seemed to favor us
And kept the storms at bay
As we came home from Manti

Then o'er the snow capped mountains
We traveled on with speed
And down the rugged canyon
With Peter in the lead
We reached our homes in safety
And glad was we indeed
When we got home from Manti

THE RELIEF SOCIETY

(On the program at a gathering anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society March 17th, in 1892.) (50th)

You have asked me to meet with you all here today
And of course you expect I'll have something to say
But I cannot tell what you're expecting of me
So I'll say a few words of your Society

When our numbers were few in the years past away
All the world was against us in that early day
There were widows and fatherless needy and poor
And the sick and afflicted were near to our door

It was then to the sisters the prophet made known
There was work in the kingdom for them everyone
They should visit the sick they should cheer up the sad
They should comfort the sorrowing make their hearts glad

They should clothe up the naked the hungry should feed
They should comfort the Saints wherever there was need
This mission he gave to the sisters and said
That the blessing of Heaven should fall on their head

If honest and faithfull and true they would be
And this the female relief society
Now sisters be faithfull his words will prove true
For great is the mission entrusted to you

And great are the blessings and sure the reward
The prophet has said it and sure is his word
It is now fifty years since this mission he gave
He is now lying low in the cold silent grave

Yet His spirit has ever a guide been to you
Since March seventeenth eighteen forty two

MY 66th BIRTHDAY

How swiftly do the years go by
That bear me down the stream
As age comes on they seem to fly
And vanish like a dream
It seems to me but yesterday
That friends were gathered here
To celebrate my natal day
My lonely heart to cheer

And now again the day has come
That tells me one year more
Has passed away I'm sixty six
I'm nearing to the shore

And may I calmly pass awa
When that dread hour shall come
Prepared to meet my early friends
In our eternal home
And may I hear these cheering words
Thy mission is well done
And thou hast gained with all thy friends
In heaven a happy home

A SENTIMENT BY A. COLLARD

(On the program July 24th about 1892 or 3.)

My sentiments are that while we are here
We be of good cheer and have plenty of beer
With friends that are dear but always keep clear
As the sky in a bright sunny day A. COLLARD

REPLY BY GEO. W. JOHNSON

Your sentiments are good I see
But are not quite enough for me
For you have only asked for beer
To make us happy while we're here

I'd like to hear a joke or song
A little speech if not too long
A little dance to music sweet
And then retire to drink and eat

The sisters then God bless them all
Will hand their baskets great and small
And soon the puddings cakes and pies
Appear and vanish neath our eyes

And then the beer will welcome be
These are my sentiments you see

WILL THEY MISS ME

I am growing old and feeble
And this life is nearly o'er
And I soon shall cross the river
To that bright and sunny shore
And I often ponder over
All the years of toil that flown
And the question oft arises
Will they miss me when I'm gone

Yes they'll miss me from the office
When their children may be ill
And they want some simple remedy
To save a doctor's bill
They will miss me from the tin shop
When their tins begin to fail
And they find the water oozing
From their kettles pans and pails

They will miss me from the anvil
When their tools shall need repair
And they find no one to mend them
They will also miss me there
They will miss me from the office
When they want some printing done
And they find no one amongst them
That has learned the press to run

They will miss me from the work shop
When they want hives for their bees
That have swarmed and have collected
On the branches of the trees
They will miss me from the seed room
When they're wanting seeds to plant
And they want trees fro their side walk
And the cash is getting scant

They will miss me on the programs
When they meet each holliday
And they want a recitation
Of the years long past away
They will miss me in the evening
When they call an hour or two
For to listen to my reading
Or to see the magic show

They will miss me yes the children
When they come to visit me
They will all feel sad and lonely
When my face no more they see
They will miss me all will miss me
Some for good and some for ill
But they all will soon forget me
When they lay me on the hill

THE PIONEERS
(On the program, 24th)

God bless those hardy Pioneers
Who banished from their homes
Were led by his directing hand
To o'er the desert come

Until they reached this chosen land
Where while man's foot has trod
These fertile vallies in the hills
Where they can worship God

God bless our Mothers and our sires
Who for so many years
Have toiled to build his kingdom up
Through sorrow and through tears

The most have worn their bodies out
And resting by the way
Until he calls his martyrs up
In that great coming day

Then let us still revere the day
On which the pioneers
Arrived within these vallies where
They've toiled so many years

JUNE 13, 1881

Just thirty years ago today
I left my eastern home
With wife and children and with friends
O'er desert lands to roam
Twas then I left my Mother dear
Her face to see no more
My brothers sisters and my friends
So dear in days of yore

I bid adieu to all that day
And started for the west
To seek a home far o'er the plains
Where white man's foot neer prest

Where free from turmoil and from strife
 From mobs and tyrants reign
 I left my home and friends so dear
 And started o'er the plain

I took my wife to share my lot
 I took my children three
 To seek a home in western lands
 They bore me company
 Six weeks we toiled upon the plains
 In heading the elk home
 When in the valley of the platte
 Another child was born

Three months upon the plains we toiled
 To reach the mountain dell
 And on the hardships we endured
 No human tongue can tell
 These thirty years how changed the scenes
 The young have all grown old
 The old who have not passed away
 Their tale will soon be told

The Desert where the wild beast trod
 Now blossoms like the rose
 And where the red man roamed the plains
 We dwell in sweet repose
 The waving grain the tree the vine
 That now adorns the land
 All show to us we have been fed
 By his mighty hand

THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE

Thou grand old pile thy fame is spread
 From land to land from sea to sea
 Where ere the gospel light is shed
 The Saints have heard or read of thee

How oft in childhoods happy hours
 Ere thy foundation stone was laid
 Where thou art reared with dim and lower
 Upon that very spot I've played

But Joseph spoke the work began
 And soon thy tower on high was reared
 There God again communed with man
 There we have oft His name revered

How oft within they walls we've heard
 The meek and lowly prophets voice
 And as we listened to His words
 Oh how it made our hearts rejoice

How oft within thy walls we've met
To serve the Lord in praise and prayer
And as we worshiped at His feet
How oft we've felt His presence there

But strangers pass its portals now
Yet oft my thoughts will wander there
To where the Prophet oft did bow
Beneath thy roof in humble prayer

JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET
(On the program)

You ask of me to sing a song
I fear I cannot do it
For I should very likely fail
Before I'd half get through it

You ask me then to tell a yarn
Well now I will begin it
But when I'm done I fear you'll say
I'm sure there's nothing in it

A subject I must study up
To make a story of it
I think I'll take our early days
And Joseph Smith the Prophet

He was a man of sterling worth
And true to friend or brother
And always taught us to be true
And kind to one another

He told us pride and haughtiness
And vanity were evil
And all who would indulge in them
Were prompted by the devil

He told fashion led astray
And Saints should never love it
That God had made us in His form
And man could not improve it

He taught us to refrain from sin
And practice good behavior
And imitate the pattern of
Our meek and lowly Savior

MY 57th BIRTHDAY

How swift the years pass out of sight
And bear us down the stream
As speedy as the arrows flight
And leave us but a dream
My Natal Day again has come
And I am sixty seven
How fast I'm nearing to my home
To meet my friends in Heaven

Then grant oh God that I may live
My mission to fulfill
And fit myself to meet my friends
And in Thy presence dwell
And when my time shall come to go
May all my work be done
Then may I calmly pass away
To meet my friends who've gone

PICK NICK

We're a band of little children
From Sunday School we come
To join you in your pick nick
And have a little fun
We'll sing and speak before you
And do the best we can
To make the time pass merrily
According to your plan

But we hope you will remember
We all are very young
And when we all have spoken
Recited or have sung
You will please excuse our blunders
For we're trying hard to learn
And we hope on this occasion
Your kind applause to earn

Our parents are before us
Our friends and teachers dear
Tis hard for us to speak or sing
And stand before you here
But since you wish we'll try to do
The best that we know how
And if we fail there's one thing left
We'll make our humble bow

GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN

The little ones are coming
I hear their noisy feet
I hear their noisy prattle
As they come down the street
They are coming down to Grandpas
An hour or two to stay
To ramble in the orchard
And around the old house play

They will pull the things to pieces
And scatter them about
They will make the old time music
The children laugh and shout
They will be in every mischief
Their little hands can find
They know I'll scold a little
But that they do not mind

Their Father and their Mother
How short the time to me
Since they were little children
And sitting on my knee
They grew to men and women
And found themselves new homes
And now to cheer the old one
Their little children come

God bless the little children
Long may they live to come
To cheer the lonely cottage
That was their parents home
While I remain their presence
Will ever welcome be
And when I'm gone they'll miss me
And shed a tear for me

THE LITTLE ONES

The little ones are back again
I hear their noisy feet
They'll make the old house ring again
With children's music sweet
I love to hear their boisterous shout
I love their noisy glee
I love to hear their merry laugh
Tis music sweet to me

I know they'll ramble through the house
I know they'll mischief find
I know they'll tear things upside down
But that I do not mind

For then I'll scold the little ones
Which makes them love me more
And makes me dream of happy days
That will return no more

Of days when this old cot was new
And around this lonely hearth
Were children who could mischief do
And shout with noisy mirth
They've gone and left the home and me
In sorrow to remain
But oft they send their little ones
To make me dream again

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

We are little children happy are we
Every Sabbath morning here we will be
Learning our lessons well
Learning the truth to tell
Learning to read and spell A.B.C.

Bright happy faces meet with us here
In our pleasant school house we love so dear
Learning one hearts to do
All that is good and true
With the great end in view which is so near

Here we meet our school mates filled with delight
Here we meet our teachers smiling so bright
Hearts filled with joy to day
Listening to what they say
Teaching the narrow way teaching the right

SABBATH MORNING

It is pleasant on each Sabbath morning to meet
In our dear Sunday School our companions to greet
And hear the kind words of our teachers so dear
Who are trying to learn us Gods name to revere

We are happy to meet you and hope that we may
Learn how to grow wiser and better each day
And may we in honor and virtue and truth
Continue to grow while we're still in our youth

Tis pleasant to listen while teachers explain
The great truth of Heaven on earth once again
That we may be usefull as older we grow
To work in the Kingdom of God here below

When we have grown older and battling for truth
We shall ever remember the scenes of our youth
Our dear Sunday School and our teachers so kind
Their names in our thoughts we shall oft bring to mind

A DUET

BOYS

You girls may dress up in great splendor
And innocent look as a lamb
To try to entrap some poor fellow
But we know it is nothing but sham
You may put on your diamonds and laces
And gew gaws and ribbons so gay
You may paint up and powder your faces
But you'll never catch me in that way

GIRLS

Well now I declare did you ever
You really get worse every day
You think you can do as you please sirs
And we women have nothing to say
We really would like you to know sirs
We will not be nosed around thus
We women will do as we please sirs
And we'll dress if it does make a fuss

BOYS

You lie in your bed in the morning
Till ten for you must have some sleep
For you did not get home from the party
Till day was beginning to peep
You go moping about in the parlor
From all usefull labor you shirk
And you spend half your time doing nothing
While your Mother is doing the work

GIRLS

Now really are you any better
You drink chew and smoke and you swear
And you spend half your time on the corners
At each woman that passes to stare
You make love to each one who will let you
And mercy what lies you can tell
And in the fine clothe you've not paid for
You think you are cutting a swell

BOYS

We know we are bad enough truly
And altho it is rather absurd
We will give up the argument to you
For a woman will have the last word

GIRLS

Then let us be friends but we'll give you
This council if you wish to thrive
You always may handle the reins sirs
But we'll show you the way you must drive

BOTH

Then let us be happy together
And leave off contention and strife
For who can enjoy this life truly
Except as a husband or wife

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

Oh come my little playmates
To Sunday School away
To learn our little lessons
On this the Sabbath Day

The sun is shining brightly
The dew is on the grass
Then let us off to Sunday School
To join our little class

Lay bye your toys and marbles
Your playthings put away
And come from play or labor
On this the Sabbath Day

We there shall meet our playmates
All dressed so clean and neat
And these our loving teachers
With happy faces greet

Then let us off to Sunday School
And cease from work or play
And try to be good children
On this the Sabbath Day

A SENTIMENT

(On the program, July 24th, 1891 or 2)

You ask of me a sentiment
Well now you have me caught
I've looked the dictionary o'er
And find it is a thought

Well I have plenty of them sure
But cannot them express
When I get up before a crowd
To make a short address

But I will try to think a thought
And tell it here today
And if it does not please you all
Just throw that thought away

One hundred fifteen years ago
God made this nation free
And on the fourth day of July
Proclaimed their liberty

This great and glorious work was done
By His directing hand
To carry out His glorious work
On this His chosen land

Then let us all with happy hearts
Join in the merry throng
And celebrate this glorious day
With praises dance and song

And may we have a happy time
While we together stay
And may no jar or discord
This Independence Day

BY-GONE YEARS

I am thinking I am thinking
Of the years long past away
Of my bright and sunny boyhood
When my heart was young and gay
Of my Father and my Mother
Of my brothers sisters all
And the times we used to gather
In that dear old cottage hall

I am thinking I am thinking
When the hollidays would come
How we gathered round the table
At the dear old cottage home
Of the pies and cakes and puddings
Of the geese and turkeys too
That would come from the brick oven
In the kitchen down below

I am thinking I am thinking
Of the roaring kitchen fire
And the spare rib near it roasting
Swinging round upon a wire
Of the apples and cider
That was warming on the hearth
And the merry peels of laughter
And the happy joyous mirth

I am thinking I am thinking
Of the candy toys and all
That was used to fill our stockings
That were hanging on the wall
When they told us that old Santa Claus
Would down the chimney creep
With things to fill our stockings
When we all were fast asleep

I am thinking I am thinking
Of the scenes long past away
And those happy scenes still linger
Of my boyhoods early day
Though the scenes of joy and sorrow
And lifes changes all may be
Long forgotten yet my boyhood
Will be ever dear to me

I am thinking I am thinking
Of the snow flakes on my hair
Of my brow by age well furrowed
With the marks of toil and care
Of my feeble limbs that tell me
That my work is nearly done
I am waiting I am waiting
For the setting of the sun

QUEEN OF THE MAY

Dear Friends and Companions
I'm happy to meet you
With thanks for your kindness
And favors I greet you
And hope we may all
Spend a happy May Day
As I shall in being
The Queen of the May

Then may no contention
Or discord be near
To mar our enjoyment
While we remain here
And may we be happy
While here we shall stay
Tis the wish of your servant
The Queen of the May
Susie

I AM WAITING

I am waiting at the threshold
I am weary faint and sore

I am waiting at the threshold
For the opening of the door
I am waiting at the threshold
Till the master bids me come
To the glory that awaits me
In that bright and happy home

On the weary way I've traveled
Has been filled with toil and strife
Bearing many a weary burden
Through this dark and stormy life
But the morning now is breaking
And my toil will soon be o'er
I am waiting at the threshold
For the opening of the door

Many friends who started with me
Through this dark and stormy life
One by one have crossed the threshold
And are free from toil and strife
And I almost hear the voices
Of the friends who've gone before
I am waiting at the threshold
For the opening of the door

Oh how gladly will they greet me
When my weary toil is o'er
And I've passed beyond the river
To that bright and happy shore
I have borne a weary burden
Through this life of toil and sin
I am waiting at the threshold
Till the Master lets me in

CORA

Patter patter little feet
How I love their music sweet
In my arms I often fold
Little Cora two years old

Little dimples on her cheek
Not a word she tries to speak
To my heart I love to press
Little Cora Motherless

Quiet as a little mouse
She is mistress of the house
And we fully understand
By the movement of her hand

When she wants her little nap
 She will climb on Grandma's lap
Then her coal black eyes will close
 Soon she's lost in sweet repose

May she be as pure and good
 All the way to womanhood
May all blessings earth can give
 Rest upon her while she lives

AT THE MANTI TEMPLE JULY 4, 1893

Oh tis pleasant to meet
 With our friends here today
Whose faces we have known
 In the years past away
Who have toiled many years
 In the kingdom of God
To scatter the news
 Of salvation abroad

And a few I behold
 Who in years long ago
When the Prophet of God
 Was here with us below
Who have listened with pride
 To the precepts he taught
And his words and his councils
 Will not be forgot

But our faces are wrinkled
 Our hair turning gray
Our feeble limbs tell us
 We are passing away
But as long as we live
 We will stand by the truth
That we learned from his lips
 In the days of our youth

That when we have finished
 Our mission below
We may meet him again
 Beyond sorrow and woe
There to finish the mission
 He left for us here
That our crown may be bright
 He will give us to wear

AT HOME JULY 4, 1894

Dear Children once again the voice
Is whispering unto me
It bids me seat myself and write
The subject is of thee
I feel so lonely and so sad
As time goes swiftly bye
It plainly tells me that the end
Is swiftly drawing nigh

Christ said the poor ye allways have
But me you soon will miss
Perhaps a lesson you may learn
In after years in this
You've always time to meet and talk
And gossip with a friend
To go to parties and to balls
And meetings without end

But never think to call on me
An hour to pass away
To cheer a heart that once like yours
As thoughtless and as gay
But age comes on and busy life
With me is in the past
And friends of youth I loved so well
Have turned away at last

And now alone I bide my time
Till God shall bid me come
To leave this sad and lonely life
To find a better home
There I shall meet my early friends
I loved so well in youth
Who've toiled and worn this body out
To spread the cause of truth

BACKWARD TURN BACKWARD

Backward turn backward oh time in your flight
Make me a child again just for tonight
Place me again on my dear Mother's breast
Free from the cares of this life let me rest
Let me again see the smile on her face
While she with rapture my form will embrace
In her dear arms for a time let me rest
Forgetting the sorrows that now fill my breast

Take me again to the land of my birth
With friends and with kindred around the old hearth

There let me wander o'er meadows and hills
Over the wildwood and murmuring rills
Now riding Dolly to plow out the corn
Till I hear the sweet sound of the old dinner horn
And then to the kitchen where Mother presides
With appetite craving the food she provides

The sweetest and best of all dainties on earth
Prepared by our Mother in the land of our birth
There in the corner the brick oven stands
Brinfull of dainties prepared by her hand
There are puddings and cakes and bread made of rye
And dearest of all is the old pumpkin pie
Then backward turn backward oh time in your flight
Make me a child again just for to night

OUR FAMILY

My Mother sixteen children had
She raised them all by one
She left him lying in New York
Her darling little son

The next at Kirtland on the hill
Four graves are lying there
Two brothers and two sisters dear
Have slept for many a year

At Macedonia Illinois
Another brother died
Just as to manhood he had come
He was our Mother's pride

And then at Nauvoo there we left
Another sister dear
We laid her in the silent grave
Our Father too is there

And then at Kansville Iowa
A sister drooped and died
We laid her neath the cold cold clay
With Mother by her side

At Salt Lake City there we left
Two sisters lying there
Beneith the cold and silent clay
They've slept for many a year

Our oldest brother many years
Has slept neith Dixies soil
And still another farther south
Is resting from his toil

One sister and three brothers still
Of all that little band
Though many many miles apart
Are still upon the land

The rest are sleeping by the way
They're free from toil and pain
Until the resurrection day
Then we shall meet again

MY LIFE

I am sitting alone in my cabin to day
I am thinking of years that have long passed away
They are three score and ten with the adding of three
Which the Lord in His mercy has given to me

They embrace all the years that the Prophet of God
Proclaimed the glad news of salvation abroad
With his trials and toils persecution and woes
Till he finished his work and was slain by his foes.

They embrace all the sorrows the joys and the tears
That the Saints have endured in these forty nine years
Since driven by mobs o'er the desert to roam
In the tops of these mountains to find a new home

They were years of great sorrow of labor and toil
Subduing the savage reclaiming the soil
While we built up new homes over mountains and dell
Where naught but the savage and wild beast did dwell

But these years are all past and our labor is done
We have finished the work that in youth we began
For our children we leave a bright sun in the east
But for us all its rays are but dim in the west

AUTOGRAPH VANSER

Dear friends who have kind thoughts of me
To express them should you feel inclined
In this book there's a page where youth or old age
May jot down what may be on their mind

A poem inspired by the muse
That comes from depth of the heart
A verse or a lay that your thoughts will convey
To your friends your true feelings impart

It will give me much pleasure to read
In the years that may chance to be mine

A token thus penned by a dear loving friend
As I totter down life's sad decline

Dear Friend upon these pages white
There is a place for you to write
In future years may I not find
Thy name beneath some thought of thine

Dear Friend these pages now so fair
Will soon be written here and there
Amongst the rest whose names I see
May I not find one thought from thee

As down the stream of life you glide
May friends be near on every side
My sunlight on thy pathway shine
And every joy of earth be thine

May the sunshine of life on your pathway be bright
And your heart by good actions be happy and light
Until crowned with old age you shall lie down to rest
Well knowing that all has been done for the best

Dear girl be wise in choosing friends
Be certain they are true
Or when adversity shall come
They'll vanish like the dew

Soft words that fall from flattering lips
Will bring but misery
Who kindly tells thee of thy faults
Is but a friend to thee

Be true to yourself is a sentence oft spoken
It is written in prose it is landed in song
There is much of true wisdom contained in the sentence
If you're true to yourself you will never be wrong

Then may you be guided by this little sentence
And never discard it for passion of pelf
For as on life's journey you pass you will find it
The best of all council be true to yourself

Dear Friend when I in future years
Peruse this book of mine
May I not find thy name inscribed
Beneith some thought of thine

Should fate our paths of life divide
That we should meet no more
How sweet t'would be to think of friends
We knew in days of yore

These leaves so white on which I write
Of life an emblem true
Let no foul blot or tarnished spot
Be found where written through

May peace contentment joy and love
And every blessing from above
Repose within the humble cot
You call your home where ere the spot

Who would ever think a little miss
would send to me a book like this
Unless she wished to have a laugh
To see my funny autograph

But never mind my wish perhaps
Is just as good as younger chaps
Who talk and write their flattery
God bless you is my wish for thee

Gliding down the stream of life
By your side a loving wife
Rosy children in your cot
May this be your happy lot

This book in its rounds has at last come to me
And I now must expose what a noodle I be
But I will not endeavor to make up a rhyme
For I surely would fail so I'll not waste my time

I will do something funny to make you all laugh
By writing below such a poor autograph
I cannot believe you are jesting Dear Miss
By sending an old man a volume like this

So may you gain wisdom in what I may say
As the snows December brings flowers in May
Beware of the flatterer sharp is the sting
And sorrow the fruit to the heart it will bring

Tis a friend who will kindly bring faults to your view
Though he chide when you err he's no less friend to you
Your book lies open on the stand
The pen with ink is in my hand

My mind is wandering far away
To try to find a word to say
I want to wish you happiness
A pleasant life and joy and peace

But cannot bring it into rhyme
So I must try another time

And if to you tis all the same
I'll give it up and write my name

For then I know you'd have a laugh
To see my funny autograph
Before this book to you I send
I'll scribble in it from a friend

When far away think of the past
Perhaps one thought maybe of me
Who lonely on this wide world cast
Can never cease to think of thee

A flattering tongue may charm awhile
But will not stand the winters chill
A friend through storms and cloudy will smile
And be though rough a diamond still

AN ENIGMA

I'm a word of four letters
Though much to be wondered
If you take off my first
You will take off one hundred
And the name of a fowl will remain

Then my last take away
Put my first back once more
You will take off one half
That you took off before
And the name of a beast will be plain

Put me back as at first
Then my first and my second
A part of a firm
Represents it is received
You will oft see it over the door

My first second fourth
Denotes rank it is said
My whole is a thing
To be worn on the head
So now I will tell you no more

(Cowl)

CHANGING LETTERS

Do you believe in an omen
She wrote on a slate
No I quickly replied
Tis a thing that I hate

Then she wrote the last word
With a W before
Then I quickly replied
Tis a thing I adore

Then she said would you like
At the alter to be
Then I added an H
Saying lead me and see

Then she quickly replied
If to you tis the same
I will leave off the H
In regard to my name

Then she said I'll be hanged
If I try to please you
Then I added a C
Saying that you will do

Then she said would you like
For a ride to take me
I replied yes with pleasure
When I added a B

Then let us be gone
If you're ready says she
I am ready I said if
You take off the A

MAXIMS

The truth is best in every case
A falsehood always will debase

Remember well the Sabbath day
Be sure you neither work or play

A place for everything prepare
When out of use be sure they're there

If you've a job of work to do
Stick to it till you get it through

As soon as you are done with play
Be sure to put your things away

Early to bed will bring you health
Early to rise will bring you wealth

The truth is always best to tell
A falshood never does as well

On Sunday morning neat and clean
Be sure at Sabbath School you're seen

Talk not at the table tis vulgar an rude
For children to talk unless asking for food

You never will tell all you know if your wise
A gossip all good honest people despise

Work when you work and play when you play
But do neither one on the bright Sabbath Day

If you have work to do then work
For from your task you should not shirk

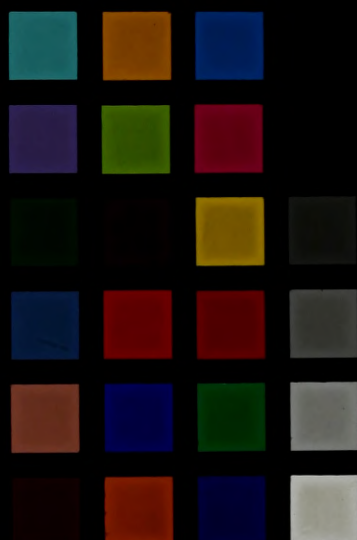
MY 74th BIRTHDAY

How swiftly glide the years away
As down lifes turbed stream
So fleet! One year ago today
To me is but a dream

Again my Natal day has come
To day I'm seventy four
And still my earthly work not done
I'm waiting on the shore

My early friends where are they now
They've gone and I'm alone
To struggle on a little more
Until my work is done

Then I shall hope to meet them all
Upon that happy shore
To live a higher better life
Where parting is no more



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